

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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ORSOVA	12,036			Aug. 11
ORMONDE	14,853	Sept. 2	Sept. 8	Sept. 10
ORVIETO	12,133	Sept. 30	Oct. 6	Oct. 8

ADDITIONAL SAILINGS.

OMAR	11,103	Sept. 22	—	Sept. 30
ORCADES	9,764	Nov. 17	—	Nov. 25

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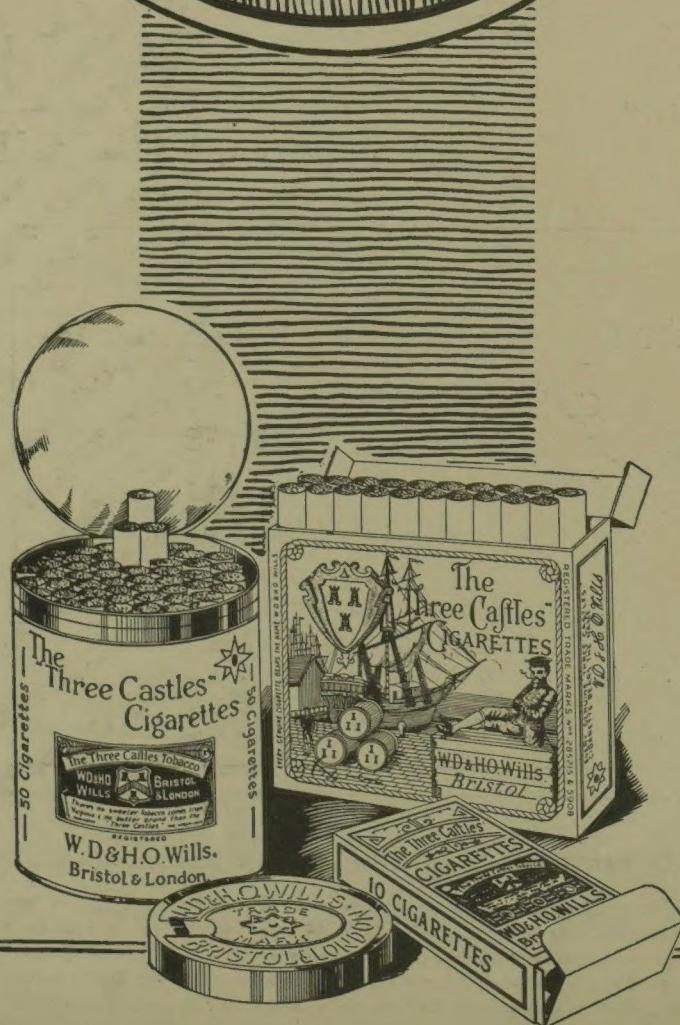
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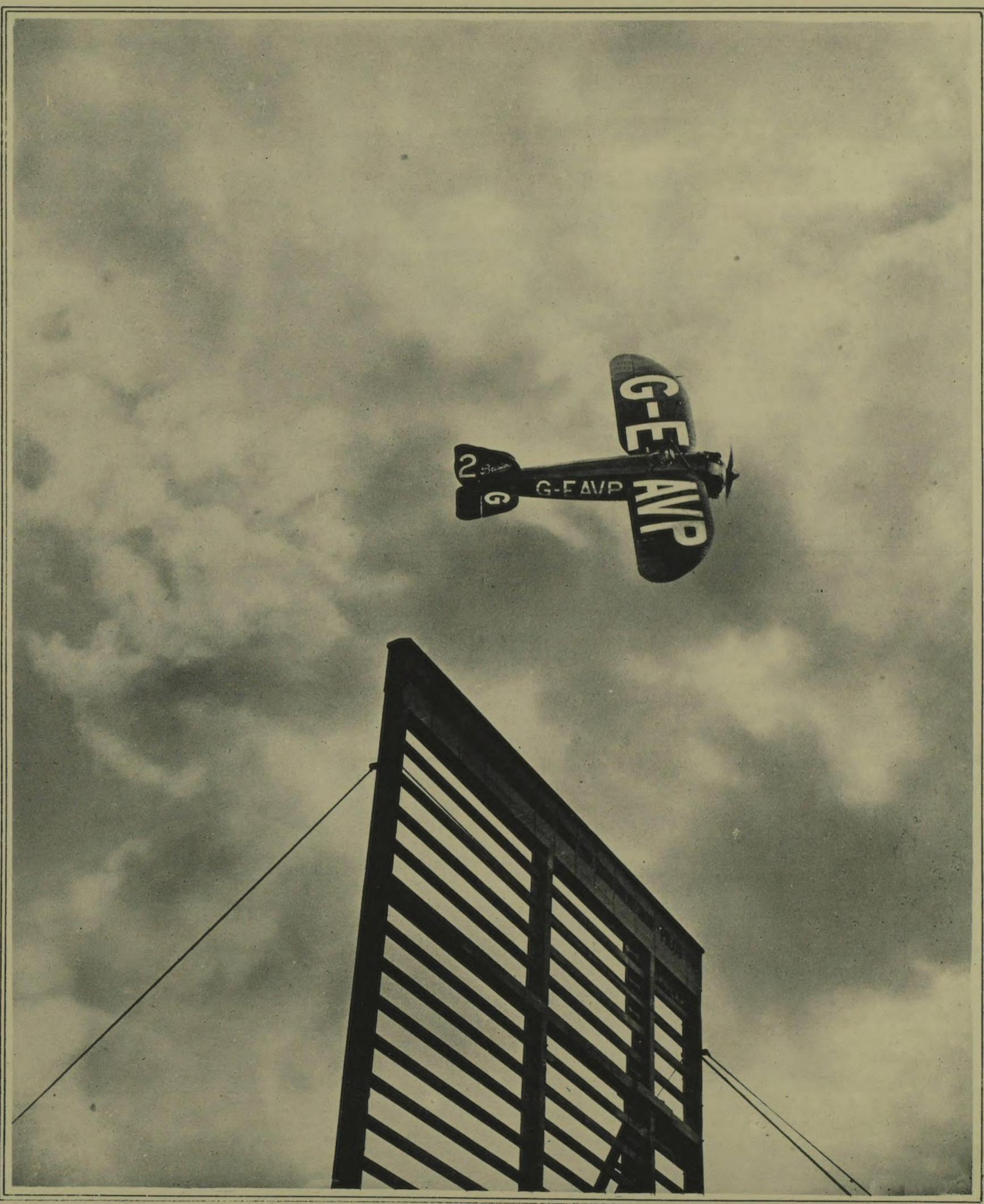


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1922.

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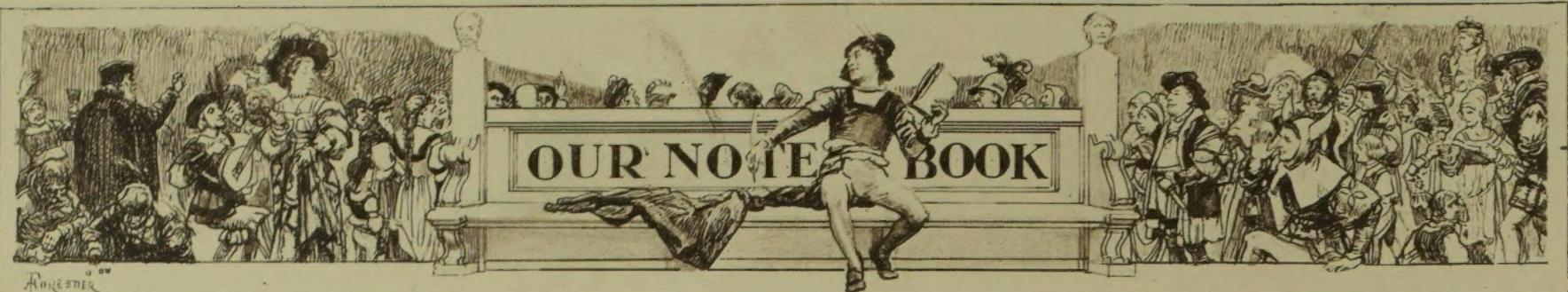


CROSSING THE LINE FIRST IN THE AERIAL DERBY HANDICAP: THE LUCIFER MONOPLANE PILOTED BY MR. L. L. CARTER.

The air race-meeting at Croydon on Bank Holiday was well attended and can be voted a distinct success, although the public were disappointed in not seeing the "mystery" monoplane about which there had been much talk. The Aerial Derby in Fastest Time caused the greatest interest. It was won—as it was last year—by Mars I (Napier Lion engine; built by the Gloucestershire Aircraft Company;

pilot, Mr. J. H. James), which covered the course of two hundred miles in 1 hr., 6 min. 48 2-5 sec.—roughly, 178 miles an hour. In the Aerial Derby Handicap he was third. Mr. L. L. Carter won this on a Lucifer monoplane (Bristol Lucifer engine), built by the Bristol Aeroplane Company; and Mr. R. A. de H. Haig was second, on a Bristol "Bullet" (Bristol Jupiter engine), by the same makers.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FARRINGDON.



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

IN the problem of private versus public life, on which I touched last week, there is another neglected truth. It is true of many masculine problems as well as of this feminine problem. Indeed, feminism falls here into exactly the same mistake as militarism and imperialism. I mean that anything on a grand scale gives the illusion of a grand success. Curiously enough, multiplication acts as a concealment. Repetition actually disguises failure. Take a particular man, and tell him to put on a particular kind of hat and coat and trousers, and to stand in particular attitudes in the back garden; and you will have great difficulty in persuading yourself (or him) that he has passed through a triumph and transfiguration. Order four hundred such hats, and eight hundred such trousers, and you will have turned the fancy costume into a uniform. Make all the four hundred men stand in the special attitudes on Salisbury Plain, and there will rise up before you the spirit of a regiment. Let the regiment march past, and, if you have any life in you above the brutes that perish, you will have an overwhelming sense that something splendid has just happened, or is just going to begin. I sympathise with this moral emotion in militarism; I think it does symbolise something great in the soul, which has given us the image of St. Michael. But I also realise that in practical relations that emotion can get mixed up with an illusion. It is not really possible to know the characters of all the four hundred men in the marching column as well as one might know the character of the one man attitudinising in the back garden. If all the four hundred men were individual failures, we could still vaguely feel that the whole thing was a success. If we know the one man to be a failure, we cannot think him a success.

That is why a footman has become rather a foolish figure, while a foot-soldier remains rather a sublime one. Or rather, that is one of the reasons; for there are others much more worthy. Anyhow, footmen were only formidable or dignified when they could come in large numbers like foot-soldiers—when they were in fact the feudal army of some great local family, having some of the loyalty of local patriotism. Then a livery was as dignified as a uniform, because it really was a uniform. A man who said he served the Nevilles or rode with the Douglases could once feel much like a man fighting for France or England. But military feeling is mob feeling, noble as mob feeling may be. Parading one footman is like lunching on one pea, or curing baldness by the growth of one hair. There ought not to be anything but a plural for flunkies, any more than for measles or vermin or animalculæ or the sweets called hundreds and thousands. Strictly speaking, I suppose that a logical Latinist could say, "I have seen an animalcula"; but I never heard of a child having the moderation to remark, "I have eaten a hundred and thousand." Similarly, anyone of us can feel that to have hundreds and thousands of slaves, let alone soldiers, might give a certain imaginative pleasure in magnificence. To have one slave reveals all the meanness of slavery. For the solitary flunkey really is the man in fancy dress, the man standing in the back garden in the strange and the fantastic coat and breeches. His isolation reveals our illusion. We find our failure in the back garden, when we have been dreaming a dream of success in the market-place. When you ride through the streets amid a great mob of vassals (you may have noticed) you have a genial and not ungenerous sense of being at one with them all. You cannot remember their names or count their numbers, but their very

immensity seems a substitute for intimacy. That is what great men have felt at the head of great armies; and the reason why Napoleon or Foch would call his soldiers "*mes enfants*." He feels at that moment that they are a part of him, as if he had a million arms and legs. But it is very different if you disband your army of lackeys; or if (as is, after all, possible) you have not got an army of lackeys. It is very different if you look at one lackey; one solitary solemn footman standing in your front hall. You never have the sense of being caught up into a rapture of unity with *him*. All your sense of social solidarity with your social inferiors has dropped from you. It is only in public that people can be so intimate as that. When you look into the eyes of the lonely footman, you see that his soul is far away.

illusion that departs in the dark interiors of domesticity, where the realities dwell. As I have said, I am very far from condemning it altogether; it is a lawful pleasure, and a part of life, in its proper proportion, like any other. But I am concerned to point out to the feminists and the faddists that it is not an approach to truth, but rather the opposite. Publicity is rather of the nature of a harmless romance. Public life at its very best will contain a great deal of harmless romancing, and much more often of very harmful romancing. In other words, I am concerned with pointing out that the passage from private life to public life, while it may be right or wrong, or necessary or unnecessary, or desirable or undesirable, is always of necessity a passage from a greater work to a smaller one, and from a harder work to an easier one. And that is why most of the moderns do wish to pass from the great domestic task to the smaller and easier commercial one. They would rather provide the liveries of a hundred footmen than be bothered with the love-affairs of one. They would rather take the salutes of a hundred soldiers than try to save the soul of one. They would rather serve out income-tax papers or telegraph forms to a hundred men than meals, conversation, and moral support to one. They would rather arrange the educational course in history or geography, or correct the examination papers in algebra or trigonometry, for a hundred children, than struggle with the whole human character of one. For anyone who makes himself responsible for one small baby, as a whole, will soon find that he is wrestling with gigantic angels and demons.

In another way there is something of illusion, or of irresponsibility, about the purely public function, especially in the case of public education. The educationist generally deals with only one section of the pupil's mind. But he always deals with only one section of the pupil's life. The parent has to deal, not only with the whole of the child's character, but also with the whole of the child's career. The teacher sows the seed, but the parent reaps as well as sows. The schoolmaster sees more children, but it is not clear that he sees more childhood; certainly he sees less youth and no maturity. The number of little girls who take prussic acid is necessarily small. The boys who hang themselves on bed-posts, after a life of crime, are generally the minority. But the parent has to envisage the whole life of the individual, and not merely the school life of the scholar. It is not probable that the parent will exactly anticipate crime and prussic acid as the crown of the infant's career. But he will anticipate hearing of the crime if it is committed; he will probably be told of the suicide if it takes place. It is quite doubtful whether the schoolmaster or schoolmistress will ever hear of it at all. Everybody knows that teachers have a harassing and often heroic task, but it is not unfair to them to remember that in this sense they have an exceptionally happy



INVENTOR OF THE TELEPHONE AND A CO-OPERATOR WITH EDISON IN INVENTIONS OF WORLD-UTILITY: THE LATE DR. GRAHAM BELL.

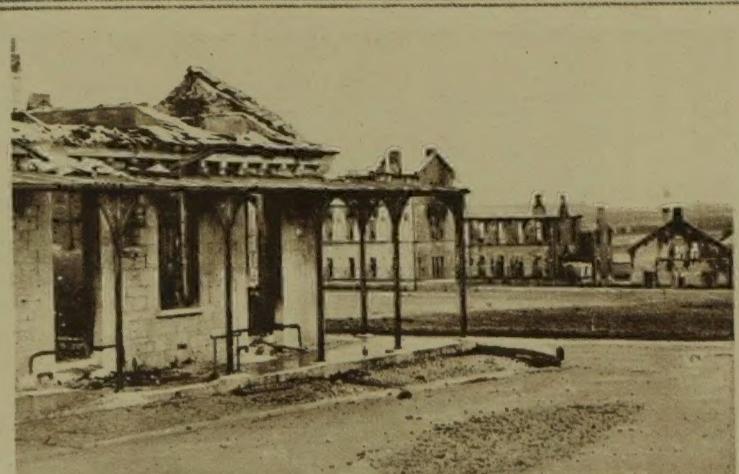
Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, who died on August 1 at his summer home in Nova Scotia, assuredly has his place as one of the greatest benefactors as well as most notable scientists of the age. His outstanding memorial is, of course, his invention of the telephone; but the world also owes to him many other devices which have proved of enormous value. As Dr. Bell himself said, some two years ago, when visiting Edinburgh, where he was born in 1847, he had in a long life done everything, from teaching deaf mutes to solving the most abstruse problems in telegraphy and allied subjects. He made his first telephone experimentally in 1874 at his father's house at Brantford, in Canada. Two years later, his first patent was taken out. His telephone was first publicly operated between Brantford and the town of Paris six miles off. Then it had a trial over railway telegraph wires between points 160 miles apart. Dr. Bell was next able to hold a conversation successfully along railway telegraph wires from Boston to New York. Lord Kelvin brought the Bell telephone before the British Association that autumn, and in 1877 Dr. Bell himself demonstrated it successfully before the British Association and the Electrical Engineers' Institute in London. Thenceforward the world adopted the telephone. Dr. Graham Bell also invented the photophone and the graphophone, and took a special interest in aeronautics and aerial experiments. He was a D.C.L. of Oxford, and held numerous degrees from other universities, as well as the French Legion of Honour.—[Photograph by C.N.]

In other words, you find yourself at the foot of a steep and staggering mountain crag, that is the real character and conscience of a man. To be really at one with that man, you would have to solve real problems and believe that your own solutions were real. In dealing with the one man you would really have a far huger and harder job than in dealing with your throng of thousands. And that is the job that people run away from when they wish to escape from domesticity to public work, especially educational work. They wish to escape from a sense of failure which is simply a sense of fact. They wish to recapture the illusion of the market-place. It is an

task. The cynic would say that the teacher is happy in never seeing the results of his own teaching. I prefer to confine myself to saying that he has not the extra worry of having to estimate it from the other end. The teacher is seldom in at the death. To take a milder theatrical metaphor, he is seldom there on the night. But this is only one of many instances of the same truth: that what is called public life is not larger than private life, but smaller. What we call public life is a fragmentary affair of sections and seasons and impressions; it is only in private life that dwells the fullness of our life bodily.

“THEIR USUAL ORGY OF DESTRUCTION”: IRISH WAR AT TIPPERARY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A.



ONCE THE QUARTERS OF BRITISH TROOPS: THE MILITARY BARRACKS, WHICH WERE FIRED AND DESTROYED ON THE IRREGULARS EVACUATING.



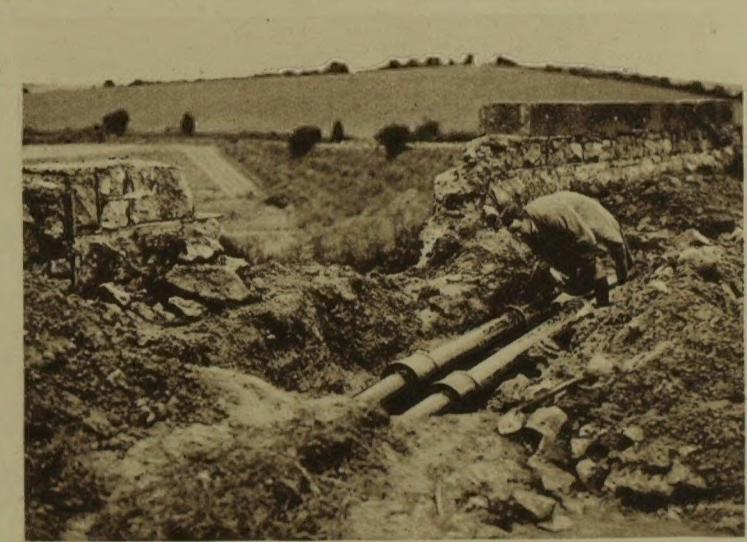
AT TIPPERARY BARRACKS: THE GUTTED REMAINS OF THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS, WHICH THE IRREGULARS HAD MADE A STRONGHOLD.



VEHICLES NOW CAN ONLY ENTER TIPPERARY ON THIS SIDE BY FORDING THE STREAM: THE ROAD BRIDGE, SHOWING THE MASONRY COMPLETELY BLOWN AWAY.



WHERE 400 TIPPERARY PEOPLE EARNED THEIR LIVING: THE WRECKED REMAINS OF CLEEVES' BUTTER AND MILK FACTORY.



ONE OF THE MOST DASTARDLY OF THE WANTON OUTRAGES: INSPECTING THE DAMAGE TO THE WATER-MAINS, BLOWN UP BY THE IRREGULARS.

Before evacuating Tipperary town, which was taken by the Nationalist troops after some eighteen hours of fighting, the Irregulars gave vent to their savagery by indulging in what a special correspondent speaks of as “their usual orgy of destruction.” Tipperary has a population of some five thousand persons, and is an important trading centre for corn, milk, and butter, and other agricultural produce. The fine military barracks, formerly occupied as the headquarters and dépôt of one of the British regiments stationed in Ireland, was left as seen

above, completely wrecked and gutted. The former living-quarters of the men were burned to the ground, and the officers' quarters were also fired on the Irregulars evacuating, and gutted. Cleeves' butter and milk factory—one of the institutions, so to speak, of Tipperary—which ordinarily provided employment for more than four hundred people, was left a smouldering mass of wreckage and damaged machinery. Many of the Irregulars were taken prisoners at Tipperary, as they were completing their work of incendiary and destruction.

MEN AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: NEWS FROM MANY QUARTERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPPING, SEBAH AND JOAILLIER, PHOTOPRESS, ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU,

BRITISH ILLUSTRATIONS, FARRINGDON PHOTO CO., L.N.A., VANDYK LTD., AND C.N.



OFF DUTY WHILE WATCHING TURKS AND GREEKS: BRITISH TENT-PEGGING AT THE ALLIED "OLYMPIC GAMES," AT CONSTANTINOPLE.



TO THE MEMORY OF 172 HEROES: AT THE UNVEILING OF THE RENFREW WAR MEMORIAL.



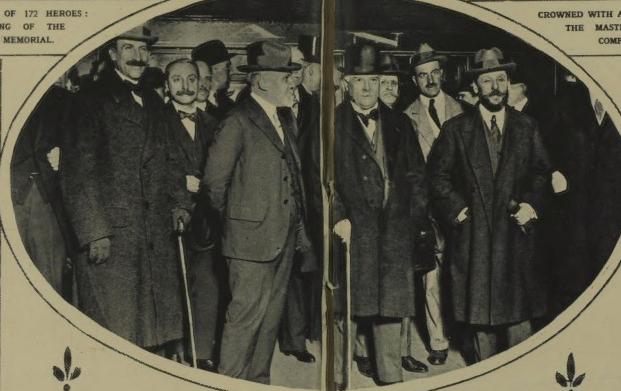
CROWNED WITH A 400-YEARS OLD CROWN: THE MASTER OF THE GIRDERS COMPANY INAUGURATED.



ERECTED BY THE MONKS THEMSELVES: THE RESTORED BUCKFAST ABBEY CHURCH, IN DEVONSHIRE.



THE FATAL ACCIDENT DURING A MOTOR RACE AT BROOKLANDS: THE WRECKED VAUXHALL AFTER THE DISASTER.



THE MAN OF THE HOUR AT THE REPARATIONS WITH MR. LLOYD GEORGE, AT VICTORIA STATION, ON HIS ARRIVAL.



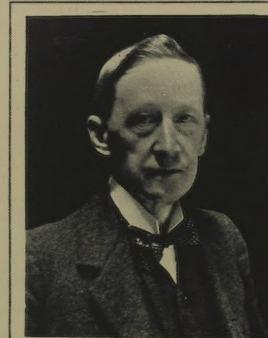
CONFERENCE AT DOWNING STREET: M. POINCARE, VICTORIA STATION, ON HIS ARRIVAL.



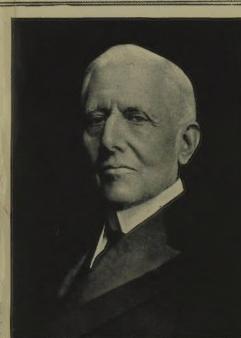
THE RESTORATION OF BUCKFAST ABBEY CHURCH: CARDINAL BOURNE ON HIS WAY TO THE INAUGURAL CEREMONY.



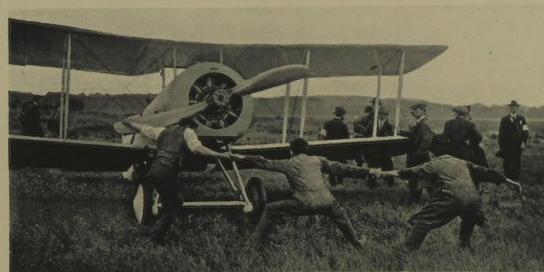
BROOKLANDS' BANK-HOLIDAY MOTOR FATALITY: THE SHATTERED IRON FENCING WHERE THE CAR CRASHED AGAINST IT.



THE NEW MAGISTRATE AT BOW STREET: MR. W. H. LEYCESTER.



THE LATE CHAIRMAN OF LLOYD'S BANK: SIR R. VASSAR SMITH.



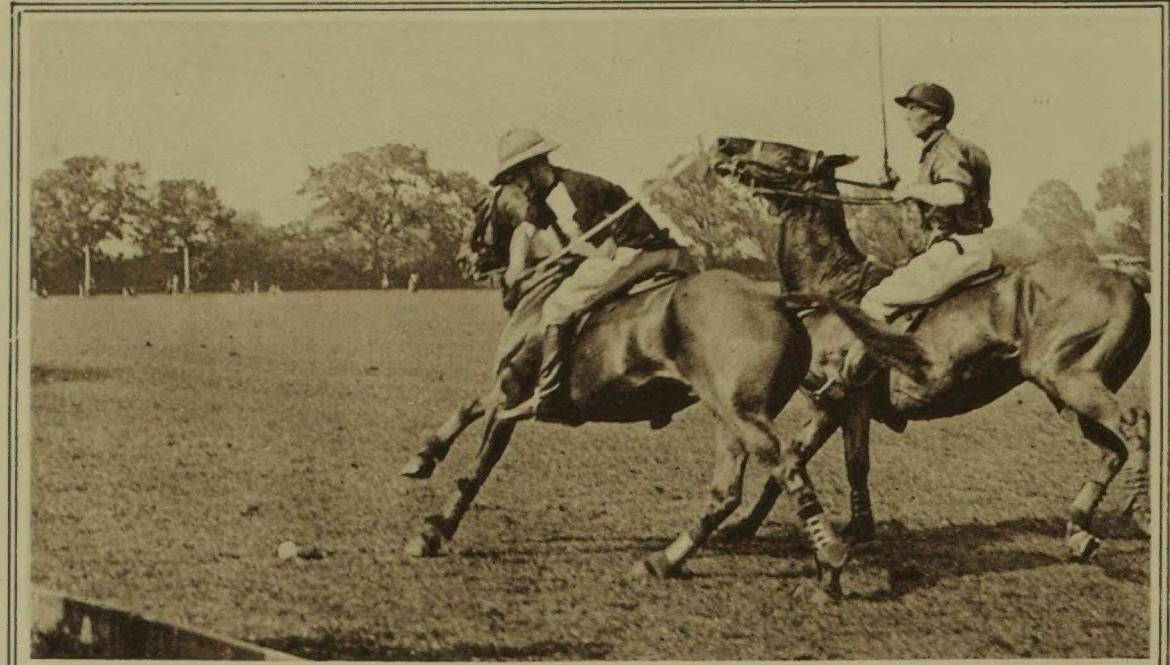
THE AERIAL DERBY AT WADDON AERODROME ON BANK HOLIDAY: STARTING THE PROPELLER OF MR. TAIT-COX'S MACHINE.

"Olympic Games" were held by troops of the Allied Army of Occupation on Haidar Pasha Ground, Constantinople, on July 28. A notable event was the tent-pegging competition shown above.—Renfrew War Memorial, unveiled by Colonel Walter Brown on August 5, is designed in the form of a "Mercat Cross." The architect is Mr. Hamilton Neil, F.R.I.B.A.—The annual ceremony of crowning the Master of the Girdlers Company took place after election at the Girdlers Hall last week, the 400-year-old crown of antique silk and gold brocade being placed on the head of Alderman George Briggs during the banquet.—The inauguration of Buckfast Abbey Church, in Devonshire, took place on August 3. Cardinal Bourne presided over a large congregation of Roman Catholics from all parts of the country. The church has been re-erected by the monks themselves on the ancient foundations, and

according to its old plan.—The fatal accident at Brooklands by which Mr. D. J. Gibson lost his life on August 7 was caused by the car he was driving, a Vauxhall, while going at 110 miles an hour during a race, turning a somersault and crashing into a corrugated-iron fence.—M. Poincaré, the French Premier, arrived in London on August 6, for the Reparations Conference, and was met at Victoria Station by Mr. Lloyd George.—Mr. William Hamilton Leycester, who succeeds the late Mr. Chester Jones as a magistrate at Bow Street, took his seat on August 7.—Sir Richard Vassar Smith, who died on August 2, in his eightieth year, was Chairman of Lloyd's Bank, and a prominent man in the City.—The machine of one of the competitors in the Aerial Derby at Waddon on August 7 is seen about to start: Mr. L. R. Tait-Cox's "Mars III." Unfortunately, Mr. Tait-Cox had to descend owing to engine trouble.

THE PRINCE SCORES TWO EQUALISING GOALS: TEMPLETON v. HILLMORTON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY T.P.A., AND S. AND G.

RIDING IN AFTER THE MATCH, WON BY TEMPLETON:
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

STOPPING A LONG SHOT AT THE BOARDS: THE PRINCE OF WALES.

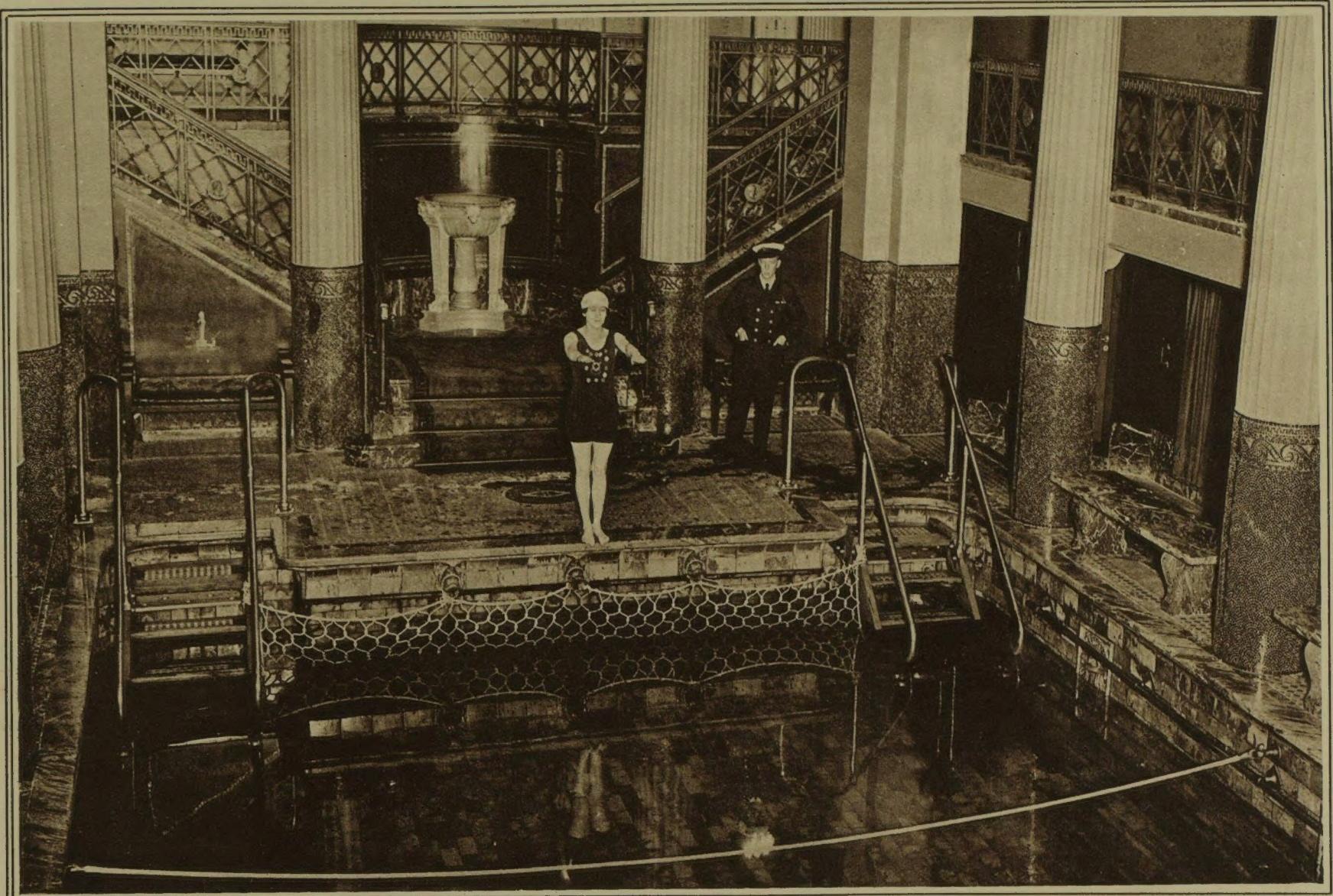
IN THE TEMPLETON v. HILLMORTON MATCH: THE PRINCE OF WALES
GETS THE BALL AWAY FROM A THROW-IN.IN THE TEMPLETON v. HILLMORTON MATCH: TEMPLETON SCORE
THEIR FIRST GOAL.

SCORING A GOAL FOR TEMPLETON: THE PRINCE OF WALES

PLAYING FOR BILTON PARK: H.R.H. THE DUKE
OF YORK.

The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York have both been staying at Bilton Park, the residence of Captain the Hon. F. E. Guest, for the Rugby polo. The match between Templeton and Hillmorton was played under ideal conditions, and resulted in a win for Templeton, the scores being Templeton, 8 goals, and Hillmorton (rec. 3), 7. The teams were: Templeton—the Prince of Wales, Mr. A. Grisar, Major F. W. Barrett, and Captain the Hon. F. E. Guest (back); and Hillmorton—Mr. C. T. Aldridge, Mr. D. J. C. Miller, Mr. E. B. Forwood, and

Major P. W. Nickalls (back). The match yielded interesting polo. In the third period Templeton had wiped out Hillmorton's goal allowance, and, although the last-named side went again, Templeton drew level again in the last period, the equalising goal in each instance having been scored by the Prince of Wales. Major Barrett hit the deciding goal. In the match between Bilton Park and the Wanderers the Duke of York scored twice for Bilton Park, who won by three goals to two.

Visited by the King and Queen: In the World's Biggest Ship.

WHERE THE INSTRUCTRESS GAVE A DISPLAY: THE SWIMMING-BATH OF THE "MAJESTIC."

Before their Majesties left Cowes they paid a well-deserved compliment to the Mercantile Marine by inspecting the 60,000-ton liner "Majestic," which had returned from New York on the Friday afternoon, and, after having disembarked her passengers at Southampton, lay off the Royal Yacht Squadron in Cowes Roads. The King and Queen were accompanied by Prince George and the Duke of

Connaught. As they boarded the liner the Royal Standard was hoisted at the masthead. The tour was very thorough, and included a demonstration of emergency life-boat launching. During the visit the "Mauretania" passed the "Majestic," stopped her engines, and dipped her ensign, while her officers stood at the salute and the men at attention, and the band played the National Anthem.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.

The End of Cowes Week: The Royal Yacht by Night.

AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE FAMOUS END-OF-THE-SEASON EVENT: THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" ILLUMINATED, AT COWES.

That famous end-of-the-season event, Cowes Week, was a distinct success this year. The "Victoria and Albert" left for Portsmouth, with the King and Queen aboard, at two o'clock on the afternoon of the Saturday, to the accompaniment of a

Royal Salute from the guard-ship, "H.M.S. Barham," whose crew manned ship, and from the guns at the Royal Yacht Squadron. The Royal Yacht was escorted across to Portsmouth by the destroyer "Versatile."

PHOTOGRAPH BY FARRINGDON.

UNDER THE KNIFE.

By PHILIP GUEDALLA.

IV.—MR. JOSEPH CONRAD.

ONE would have said at the first blush that a Polish sea-captain was improbable. Maritime traditions are rarely strong in those countries in which it is not possible to take the children to the seaside, although there was once a Servian Navy which ran to a couple of gun-boats on the Danube, and the descendants of William Tell fly the Swiss ensign at the main (or is it the peak?) of a revenue-cutter on Lake Maggiore. But the vivacious countrymen of M. Paderewski belong essentially to *terra firma*; and even if, in rare instances, they take to the water, you would expect to find them in the Illyrian coasting service rather than the more drab surroundings of a British merchantman. So Mr. Conrad has been unlikely from the beginning of the chapter.

But the oddity of his first career pales into commonplace beside the singular quality of his second. It was strange enough for a young man from Poland to graduate in the Narrow Seas and then to beat up and down the world in British sailing-ships. The Partition of Poland has rarely taken its victims so far afield as Singapore, and Dutch officials in Sourabaya hardly expect their callers to display any degree of familiarity with the Confederation of Radom and the architecture of Cracow. But when that remarkable ship-master took to writing novels in his cabin, one might reasonably have felt that he was endangering his Board of Trade certificate. The Merchant Shipping Act contained no express prohibition of literary pursuits, although, doubtless, it has since been amended in view of Mr. Conrad's grave example. But his proceedings were, to say the least, highly unusual; and when he aggravated the rash experiment by writing with rare distinction in a foreign language, the whole affair began to look positively queer.

It is an odd story, odder by far than any that Mr. Conrad has written; and it would require all the slow march of his gradual narrative method to make it credible. But it is quite true; and as one writes, his strange example may be encouraging Czech cabin-boys and Croatian boatswains to read their Ollendorf and (by a natural sequence) to buy pens, ink, and paper, and become English authors. We can only hope, if Mr. Conrad is a fair sample of the bulk, that they will succeed. There is a sinister rumour that the vested interests of the Authors Society have petitioned the Board of Trade to schedule the British novel as a key industry for protection under the Safeguarding of Industries Act. But, given the almost total illiteracy of our masters, the intrigue will probably fail. Mr. Conrad, at any rate, is a shining demonstration of the blessings of literary Free Trade.

There is a queer diffidence in his earlier work which seems to mark the slow steps of a conscious beginner. You will find that in almost every story down to a date well on in his career he has chosen to place the narrative in the mouth of some casual *raconteur*. He seems to avoid coming on the stage himself to say his piece, as the indomitable Captain Marlow waves a slow cigar and does the author's work for him in a long, unfolding story. One would like some Conrad Society to give a public reading of, say, "Lord Jim," if only in order to settle the vexed question of how long it really was that Marlow's friends sat round on that verandah whilst he talked the slow tale. But one feels that there is more than that in Mr. Conrad's indirect method. His imitators (and in some of his later work he has almost become one of his own imitators) love to employ it as a piece of subtlety. There is an ingenious fascination about straining a thin trickle of narrative through the minds of two or three intermediate narrators. It is a problem after the heart of Mr. Henry James; and he seems to find a mild delight in fiddling with the magic-lantern and bewildering his public by interposing fresh characters, like coloured slides, between the simple story and its simpler reader. But it is cynical to conclude that Mr. Conrad set simply out to subtilise schoolboy stories of tropical adventure, to play at

pirates with the air of a philosopher, to disguise a hero of Mr. R. M. Ballantyne as a victim of Mr. Henry James. Young men with adolescent tongues in beardless cheeks do things like that in Chelsea. But a Master in the Merchant Service writing in the privacy of his cabin does not play such tricks. One conjectures that Captain Marlow and the whole shadowy host of his successors, who give to Mr. Conrad's work its peculiar indirect flavour, were invented because the author feared to trust his knowledge of a strange language to the adventure of direct description. He knew that he could converse well enough in English; and he cautiously resolved, as one seems to see his design, that his stories should be told in conversation.

That caution may well have been the origin of his method, of the rambling hearsay diction in which we get the shadow-pantomime of Lord Jim and

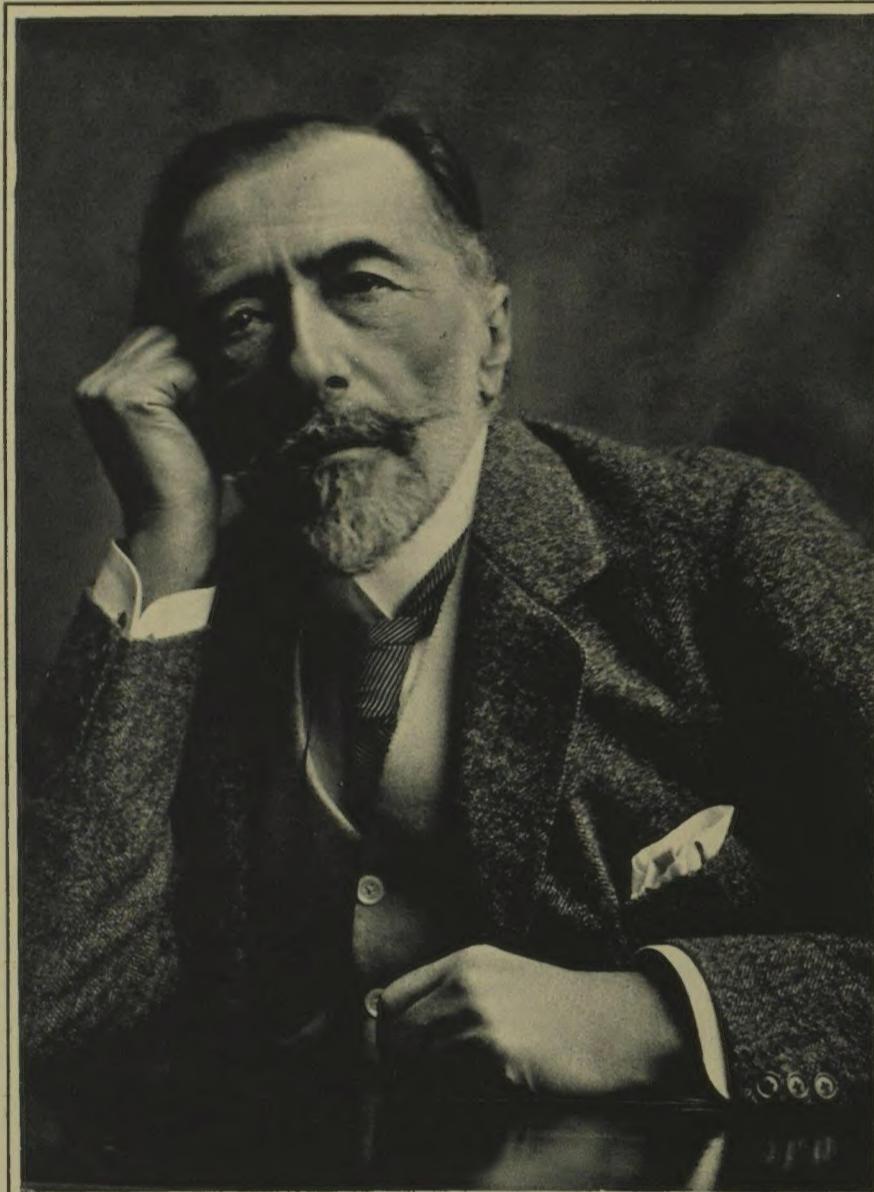
days when Mr. Kipling's Indian skies were blue, and he painted towns and uniforms and maps a deep, deep red. Mr. G. W. Steevens described the sunshine at Omdurman; and even Mr. Stevenson was teaching his readers to forget the grey half-tones of Scotland in the bright light of Samoa. So Mr. Conrad was well in the latest vogue when he came upon London with a remarkable prose style and a vivid memory of the Dutch East Indies. Imperialism was slightly affronted by the revelation that the British flag had omitted to wave in a region where the sun so manifestly never set. But the brilliant oddity of the scene, the mild Malays, the bright blue sea, the deep green jungle, and the sinister Arab traders were a noble compensation; and a generation which was always fascinated by queer names (it fought for months for Buluwayo, and almost went to war for Fashoda) yielded to the exotic attractions of Samarang and Sourabaya and the slow waters of the Pantai.

Yet it was slow to discover Mr. Conrad. He had trailed his puppets up and down the Archipelago, and set them dancing on a narrow, sloping stage in South America, and even brought them home to see the Russian Revolution before it really found him. His mastery of English was perfect, and his indirect method had ceased to be a precaution of language and become a form of literature, when they all realised, on the appearance of "Chance," that he was a man to be read. He had been talked about for years; but respectful allusions in cultivated conversation are a meagre substitute for royalties, and before 1913 Mr. Conrad had enjoyed the limited, if distinguished, appreciation of caviare. Since then he has soared (or sunk) into popularity.

One likes him best when he is least exotic. He seems to have an unfair advantage, to play with the dice loaded in his favour when he becalms a ship on a windless day in the shallow seas beyond Celebes with a mutter of thunder somewhere below the sky-line and a faint line of breakers lying along a low horizon of coast, or when he sets the drums thudding behind a tall stockade as the war-canoe flicker along a dark river between the great trees. You feel that someone else who had been there might give you something (though not quite all) of the same sensation. But when he lays aside the meretricious attractions of strange climates and queer names, when he is just the ironical observer of his figures at their little antics, he is at his best. The Tropics are good enough; but there is sunshine, one feels, in Mr. Kipling, and even Mr. Hichens has seen it from the nicest hotels in Southern Algeria. The best of Mr. Conrad is the observant irony which wrote "The Duel," and set two little figures jiggling in a long and preposterous quarrel against the gaudy, shifting background of the Napoleonic Wars.

It should have been illustrated by Caran d'Ache. It might almost have been written by M. Anatole France. And no amateur of irony (or First Empire uniforms) could find higher praise.

Mr. Conrad has a queer gift. Like Mr. Belloc, he writes English with the strange perfection of a man to whom the language is not native, with the detachment of a scholar polishing his Latin prose or his Greek iambics. One feels that he holds each sentence at arm's length before he puts it into place. And its place is always in a long study of fine shades in strange, outlandish places. Mr. Conrad has lived so long in queer company that he can give a touch of oddity to almost any scene. He has made the Upper Congo inexpressibly strange; yet (it is a greater triumph) he makes the Russian Embassy of "The Secret Agent" as queer as the jungle. But his gift is something more than queer. It is great; and one is mutely thankful that, out of the four or five languages which that strange sea-captain knew, he selected English for his experiment in literature.



A POLISH SEA-CAPTAIN WHO BECAME AN ENGLISH NOVELIST: MR. JOSEPH CONRAD.

Mr. Joseph Conrad was born of Polish parentage in 1857, took to the sea, and became a Master in the British Merchant Service. His first novel, "Almayer's Folly," appeared in 1895. Among its many successors were "Lord Jim" (1900), "Typhoon" (1903), "The Secret Agent" (1907), and "Chance" (1914). More recently came "The Arrow of Gold" (1919), "Rescue" (1920), and "Notes on Life and Letters" (1921).—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

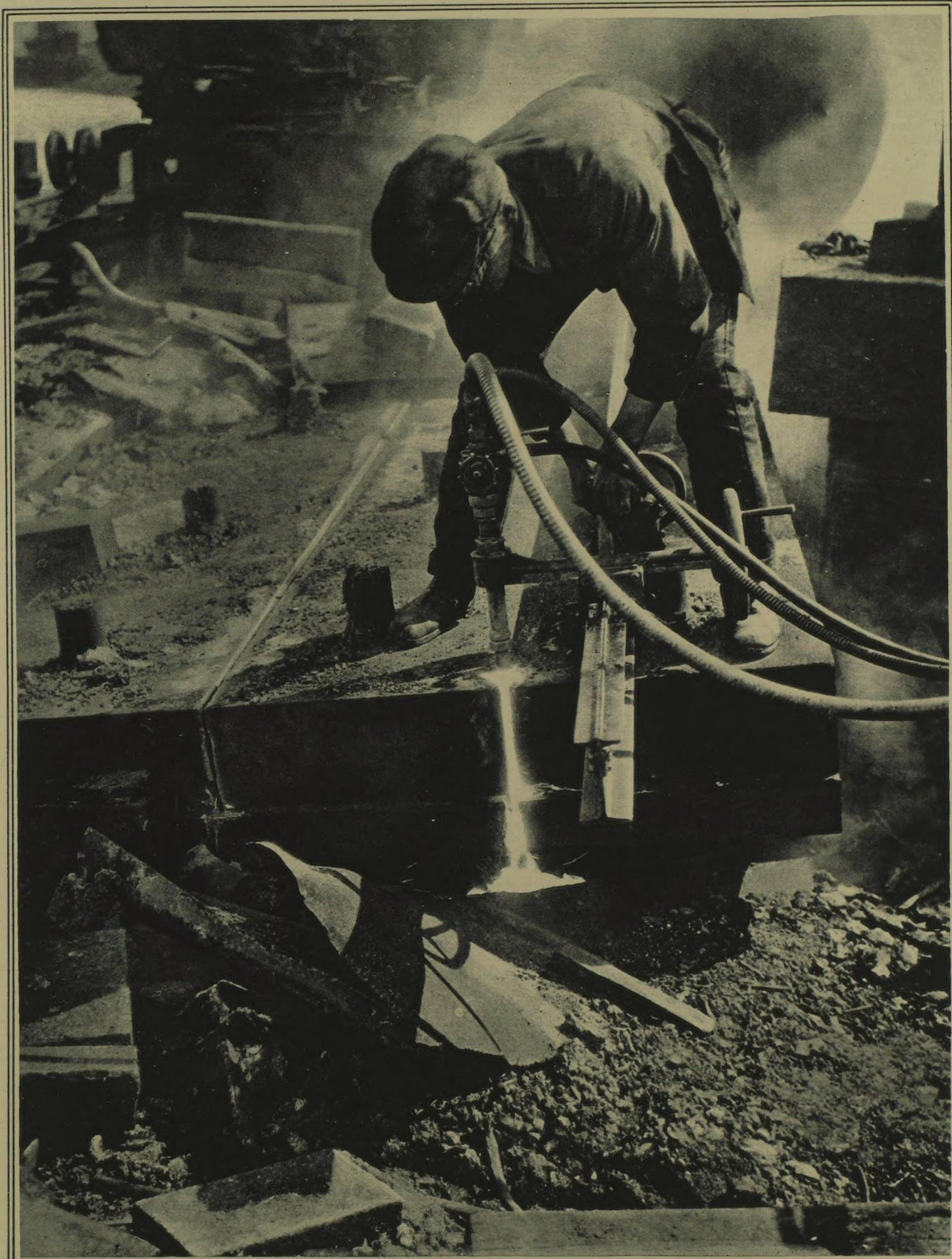
Almayer and Mr. de Barral and his inscrutable daughter. But if he was nervous about his literary manner, there was no need for diffidence about the matter. The goods which he brought to market in 1895 were of precisely the right type. One can hardly realise in these days, when a novelist can make a name by depicting a typist in the Under-ground, the rich, exotic tastes of the later Nineteenth Century. The subjects of Queen Victoria began to thirst, after the First Jubilee, for colour. They turned wearily from the mild, domesticated fiction of the day, and thirsted, with Mr. Browning, for places and times.

"When red and blue were indeed red and blue."

Even the Monarchy responded briskly to their demand, and offered them the flags and bright triumphal arches of the Second Jubilee, with lots and lots of coloured gentlemen on horseback. And there was a corresponding dash of the exotic in almost all the literature which they consumed. Those were the

NOT WANTED FOR TARGET-PRACTICE: A BATTLE-SHIP BEING BROKEN UP.

PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. HUGHES, BOCKOW AND CO., LTD.



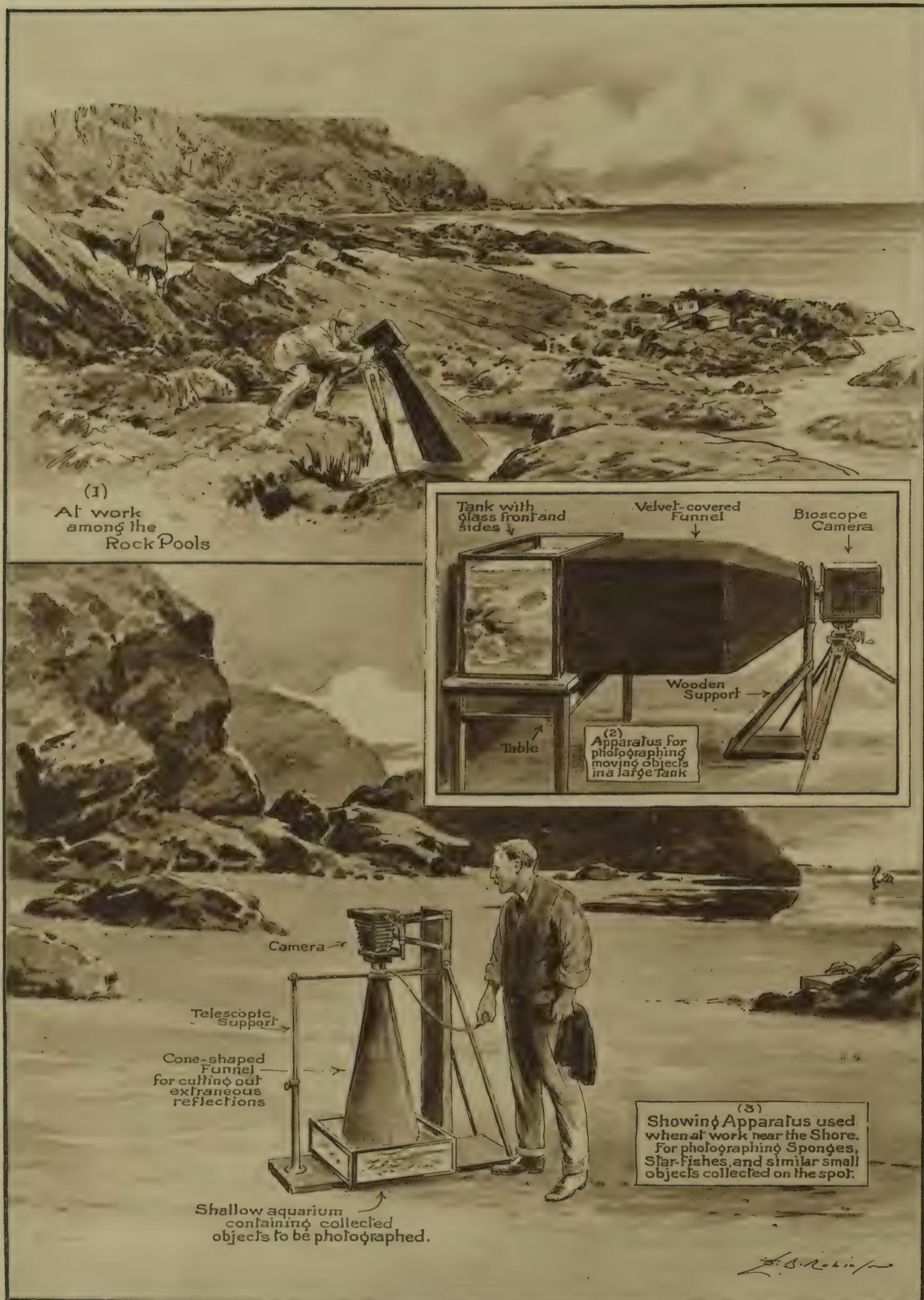
SUPERSEDED IN CERTAIN CASES BY BOMB, TORPEDO, OR SHELL: THE OXY-ACETYLENE BLOWPIPE METHOD OF BREAKING UP A WAR-SHIP'S ARMOUR.

Our photograph shows one of the processes used in breaking up condemned armour-clad battle-ships. The plate seen is fourteen inches thick, and the task takes fifty minutes to do. With such implements among others, a considerable number of ships of war have already come to their end. Not all the remainder, though—and the list to be "scrapped" is still a fairly large one—will reach finality in this way. There yet remain a sufficient number of doomed craft which are to undergo their fate as targets for aircraft attack, so serving to solve what is

probably the most pressing naval problem of the hour—the possibilities of battleship defence against bombs and torpedoes dropped from aircraft. Already a beginning has been made with experiments on the pre-Dreadnought battleship "Agamemnon," which was made a target off the Nab, at the entrance to Spithead, on August 1, by a Royal Air Force squadron. The ship was under her own steam, but the crew had been withdrawn, and she was navigated entirely by wireless.

UNDER-WATER CINEMATOGRAPHY: FILMING FISH AND CRUSTACEANS.

DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY F. MARTIN DUNCAN, F.R.M.S., F.Z.S., F.R.P.S.



FILMING MARINE CREATURES IN THEIR NATIVE ELEMENT: THE CINEMATOGRAPH ON THE SEASHORE.

Mr. F. Martin Duncan's remarkable underwater moving photographs of marine creatures, a number of which appear on the succeeding pages, were shown to the Zoological Society, and form the beginning of a national collection of natural history films. They illustrate the movements and habits of different kinds of fish and crustaceans, as well as marine flora. "Various devices," says Mr. Duncan, "had to be used, including a modification of the water-telescope, for work among the rock pools. The fish were photographed in specially designed tanks, with optically worked glass fronts, so that there should be no distortion

of the image, and a special photo-micrographic outfit was used for the microscopic forms of life." Fig. 1, above, shows the apparatus for filming moving objects in pools, and Fig. 2, that for moving objects of medium size placed in a tank, measuring about 3 ft. 8 in. long by 2 ft. wide by 2 ft. 6 in. deep. Only the front and sides were of glass, the back being of metal of varying colours to contrast with the objects. The floor was usually covered with shingle, and sometimes the back was built up like rocks, to resemble natural surroundings. Fig. 3 shows the camera used for taking small objects in a shallow aquarium.

THE OCTOPUS AS FILM ACTOR: UNDER-WATER BIOSCOPE PHOTOGRAPHS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. MARTIN DUNCAN, F.R.M.S., F.Z.S., F.R.P.S.



"WITH TWO ROWS OF SUCKERS ALONG THE INNER SIDE OF EACH (ARM), NUMBERING ABOUT 2000 ALTOGETHER IN SOME INDIVIDUALS": *OCTOPUS VULGARIS* (THE COMMON OCTOPUS)—A FILM PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN UNDER WATER.



"A SINGLE OCTOPUS MAY PRODUCE AT ONE LAYING A PROGENY OF FROM FORTY TO FIFTY THOUSAND": A FILM PHOTOGRAPH OF THE HIGHLY PROLIFIC COMMON OCTOPUS TAKEN IN ITS NATIVE ELEMENT.

The "Royal Natural History," edited by Richard Lydekker, says of the octopus: "We observe the eight tapering arms, with the two rows of suckers along the inner side of each, numbering about 2000 altogether in some individuals. . . . About ninety species of octopus are known, which occur in all seas. . . . In 1872 a very large specimen was stranded on the beach in the Bahamas, the arms 5 ft. long, and the weight 200 to 300 lb. . . . The eggs of the 'Octopus Vulgaris' are fixed along and around a common stalk. A large full-grown female will deposit forty to fifty of such clusters, in each about 1000 'ova,'

so that a single octopus may produce at one laying a progeny of from 40,000 to 50,000." Not long ago, an English lady, the wife of a master at Tonbridge School, was gripped by an octopus while bathing in the South of France, and was only released after a struggle. When killed it was found to measure 5 ft. 4 in. across. Last year a large octopus was washed on board the Cunarder "Caronia" in a gale off Ireland. The creature grabbed the ship's carpenter, and spouted an inky fluid. He eventually killed it with an iron bar, and it was sent to the Liverpool Museum. One of its tentacles was over 5 ft. long.

CREATURES OF THE "DIM WATER WORLD" FILMED IN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. MARTIN

THEIR NATIVE ELEMENT: UNDER-WATER CINEMATOGRAPHY.

DUNCAN, F.R.M.S., F.Z.S., F.R.P.S.

FILMED WHILE SWIMMING: THE LESSER OCTOPUS (*Eledon*)—A "CHAMELEON" OF THE SEA THAT CHANGES COLOUR WITH AMAZING RAPIDITY.

FILMED UNDER WATER: A CRAB OUT FOR A WALK.



THE SECOND ACT: A DUEL OF CRABS FILMED IN THE WATER.



AN ENCOUNTER: THE FIRST ACT IN A SEASHORE TRAGEDY.



A LIVING SEA-URCHIN WITH EXTENDED TUBE FEET: AN INTERESTING UNDER-WATER FILM PHOTOGRAPH OF MARINE LIFE IN A ROCK POOL.



THE LOBSTER AT HOME: A CRUSTACEAN DEAR TO THE EPICURE SHOWN IN HIS NATIVE HAUNTS BY MEANS OF UNDER-WATER CINEMATOGRAPHY.



LOOKING LIKE A VIOLIN, OR A WIDE-SLEEVED JACKET: A MONK OR ANGEL FISH FILMED.



A PLUMOSE ANEMONE: A SPECIMEN OF MARINE FLORA FILMED UNDER THE WATER.



A DIFFICULT CREATURE TO SPONGE DOWN (SO AS NOT TO CLOUD THE WATER) BEFORE PUTTING IT IN A TANK TO BE FILMED: A YOUNG RAY (OR SKATE) SWIMMING.

The recent announcement that a new aquarium is to be built at the "Zoo" lends interest to Mr. F. Martin Duncan's remarkable work in under-water cinematography, as illustrated above and on the two previous pages. In presenting his results to the Zoological Society, he stated that for many years he had used the cinematograph camera in recording his observations on the movements of marine creatures, and had had to devise various special methods, and the use of special apparatus, to obtain the best-possible results. He had a special type of tank or aquarium in which creatures were kept under observation and photographed. The floor had a gentle slope from back to front, like the floor of the stage in a theatre, and the glass front, through which the photograph was taken, was of special "patent plate," so that there was no distortion. In photographing objects in the rock-pools, he used a modification of the so-called water-telescope. All the

sea-water used in the "studio" tank was first filtered through fine gauze, as perfectly clear water was all-important. Even the creatures themselves frequently had to be gently sponged down before being placed in the tank, to rid them of particles of sand and mud adhering to their bodies. The lecturer stated that if anyone desired a really exciting job, he could recommend trying to act as nursemaid to a lively and excited skate or conger: both these fish had a plentiful slime coating their bodies, and in their wriggles and floundering under the sponging process generally managed to spread most of it over the person of their would-be bath attendant. The octopus, also, must be an awkward customer. The Lesser Octopus, or "*eledon*," is found in the Mediterranean. In our issue of April 15 we illustrated a method of spearing it by night practised by fishermen of Naples, where it is regarded as a table delicacy.

The Birthplace of Cricket: Hambledon, Hants.

By E. H. D. SEWELL.

FOURTEEN years ago, a number of famous cricketers put their heads together and revived a game which was among the former glories of cricket. In days long gone by the village of Hambledon, in Hampshire, rather fancying itself as a cricket force, was wont to challenge the rest of England, which is tantamount to saying the Earth, to mortal combat at cricket-a-wicket. The challenge was accepted often enough, and the whole countryside would turn out, and, wending its way on to Broad Ha'penny Down, would spend the day cheering its sturdy yeomen to victory. Gnarled old Hampshire farmers would sit on the benches round the ground—where, to be sure, the light was, and is, better than that of any other cricket ground in England—and baying "Tick an' turn, tick an' turn!" would often convert a single into a two, or a three into a four, by their vociferous counsel. In those times Lumpy Stevens was one of the crack bowlers of the day; but, to judge from the records, his wiliness was not exerted only during the actual hours of play. For it is recorded of him that he always had a say in the pitching of the wickets, and was in the habit of casting about for some inequality, or lump, in the surface of the ground—hence his nickname—so that it should be just about the spot where his best length ball would pitch. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* It may be left to the imagination what the grave and reverend signors of the M.C.C. would say if G. N. Louden, as representing the amateurs, and Macaulay or Rhodes as spokesman for the professionals, were to enquire whether they might choose the wicket for Gentlemen v. Players, always assuming any inequality to exist anywhere for the finding in the surface of the wickets-area of Lord's.

I had a look at the wicket on Broad Ha'penny a few days ago, and, for a sheep country, a jolly good bit of stuff it appeared. A trifle grassy certainly, and, for choice, I would not care to stand mid-off there to Woolley or Chapman or Fender. The surrounding ground is pasture pure and simple, and, standing on the pitch, one can see for miles in any direction except south, for the Down is open to every breeze that blows. But a few miles away as the crow flies is Portsmouth, easily reached by the Horndean-Waterlooville road, to get to which you have to drive near Windmill Down. The West Meon Valley line, I think it is, that

runs to the west from Alton, through Droxford; and coming from the Southampton direction I passed the picturesque church of the village, round whose verandah-like steeple battalions of sibilant

When the match of which I write was played, on September 10, 11 and 12, 1908, the intention was that the late W. G. Grace should unveil the memorial stone here shown, but he could not get down to captain the All England team, and the honour fell to the then Hampshire captain, E. M. Sprot. I remember the game well. Among the many interested spectators, who came from all parts, were Sir James Barrie and Mr. E. V. Lucas. Sir James offered a ten-pound note for a hit over the luncheon tent, and himself sat at lunch next to the late Albert Trott, who had designs on that "tenner." Sir James, I recall, had very little lunch himself, as he was so absorbed in the trencherman abilities of Trott—which were robust, to say the least of them. I believe Leach of Sussex, who made 2 and 80 for All England, won the "tenner."



WHERE "OUR GREATEST GAME WAS HAPPILY BORN AND SHOULD BE PROUD INDEED OF HER QUIET NEST": ON BROAD HA'PENNY DOWN—A WICKET PREPARED FOR A RECENT MATCH.

swifts were holding revel. The whole countryside hummed of happiness and fresh air and cricket and peace. Verily, our greatest game was happily

All England scored 124 and 309, and Hambledon 277 and 158 for 5 wickets, the match being won by the bowling of Newman of Hampshire, 8 for 54 and 5 for 66; and the batting of the Rev. W. V. Jephson, 114 and 14; of Major E. G. Wynyard, 59 and 9 not out; and of Commander C. B. Fry, 17 and 84 not out. In the organisation of that centenary match, Mr. E. Whalley-Tooker took a big part, and played for the Hambledon XI., while the All England XI. included the peerless G. L. Jessop; the prince of English left-handers, F. G. J. Ford; popular Jack Hearne, taker of more wickets in first-class cricket than anybody else, but since passed in that race by Rhodes; and such fine players as Trott, Butt (Sussex), Dennett (Gloucestershire), Leach (Sussex), Killick (Sussex), Astill (Leicestershire), Knight (Leicestershire), A. W. Roberts (Gloucestershire) and G. Wilder (Sussex) completed the eleven. With Fry, Wynyard, Jephson, Whalley-Tooker, and Newman on the Hambledon side were E. M. Sprot (captain), E. M. C. Ede, W. Langridge, G. N. Deer, Mead, and Stone.



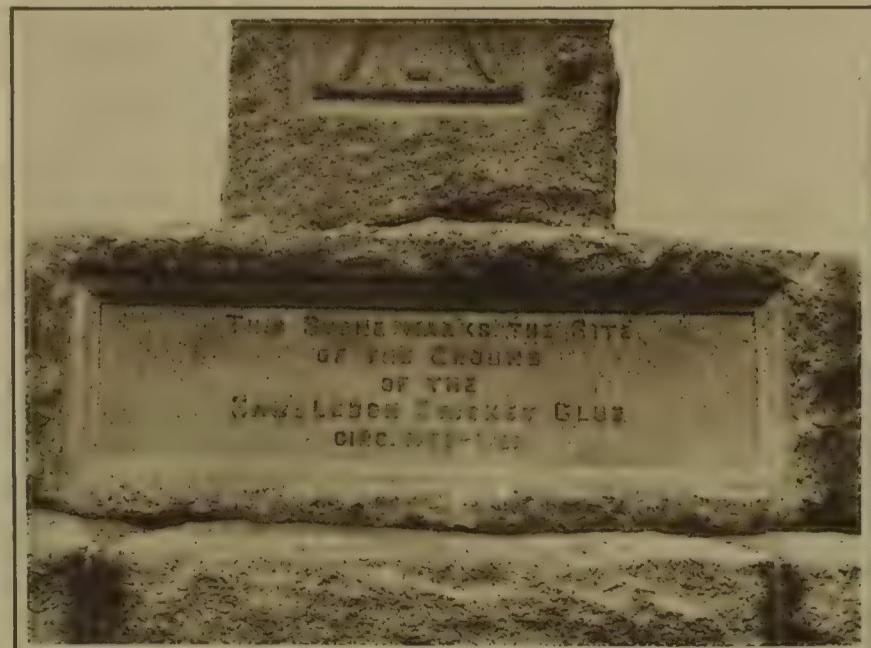
AT HAMBLEDON VILLAGE, THE BIRTHPLACE OF CRICKET, WHERE THE FIRST MATCH WAS PLAYED UPWARDS OF A HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO: THE OLD "BAT AND BALL" INN, WITH THE MEMORIAL MONOLITH IN THE FOREGROUND.

born, and should be proud indeed of her quiet nest on those lovely Hampshire Downs, where only man is vile.

is no cricketer who, taking part in a match at Portsmouth or Southampton, does not make a point of visiting this historic spot.



AT HAMBLEDON IN HAMPSHIRE, THE BIRTHPLACE OF CRICKET: THE MEMORIAL UNVEILED IN 1908 BY THE THEN HANTS C. C. CAPTAIN, MR. E. M. SPROT, IN THE UNAVOIDABLE ABSENCE OF "THE DOCTOR," THE LATE W. G. GRACE, MOST FAMOUS OF ALL CRICKETERS.



PROBABLY UNIQUE AS A MEMORIAL AMONG ALL HISTORIC REMINDERS OF EVENTFUL DAYS OF THE PAST, AND THE ONLY MONUMENT EVER SET UP TO COMMEMORATE A GAME: THE INSCRIBED BASE OF THE HAMBLEDON MEMORIAL.

BULL-FIGHTING TO HONOUR ST. FIRMIN: AMATEURS IN STREET AND RING.



AN AMATEUR BULL-FIGHTER ATTACKED: THE CROWD DRIVING BULLS THROUGH THE STREETS, TOWARDS THE BULL-RING.



MAKING FOR THE BULL-RING; BULLS AFTER THEM: PAMPLONA MEN AND BOYS DURING THE FEAST OF ST. FIRMIN.



AN ACCIDENT IN THE BULL-RING: A MÉLÉE OF BULLS AND AMATEUR BULL-FIGHTERS AT A MAIN GATE OF THE PAMPLONA ARENA.

Every year Pamplona celebrates the festival of St. Firmin in a most curious fashion, by "bull-fighting" of a form abolished in all other parts of Spain owing to the danger involved. The affair, which is carried out according to ancient usage, is called the *Encierro*. This is the manner of it. The bulls destined for the bull-ring on this occasion are not taken there, as is usual, in wooden "cages"; but arrive by night after a forced march and are driven into an enclosure on the outskirts of the town. Barriers are placed down certain streets leading to the arena. At six in the morning on each of the four days on which the event takes

place a cannon is fired, and thereupon the bulls are released and the crowd make for the bull-ring, many of the boys and young men driving the bulls before them and goading them on. As a rule, the bulls go fairly quietly, but there are occasions on which they will turn on the crowd in the narrow streets. This year there was a bad accident. Just as six of the bulls were entering the arena one of the amateurs fell, bringing down a second man, then a third, and so numerous others. The result was a mélée of struggling men and terrified and fighting beasts, and there were twenty-seven casualties.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

"LIFE" playing the part of a character has become almost a convention of recent fiction. It was already frequent when the most popular of last year's novels thrust it into more vivid personification. There, life lurked always just round the corner, ready to spring; as the hero staggered from scrape to scrape he would see the monster waiting for him, "coming at him," with new malignities. The author was developing an old theme of his own. He stated it in the opening lines of his first novel, and has wrought it more or less prominently into the texture of all his works—

This life we stumble through, or strut through, or through which we creep or whine, or through which we dance or whistle, is built upon hazard. . . . hence its tragedies, but hence also its romance.

Then follows (see "The Happy Warrior," Chap. I.) the parable of the dog who bit the vicar, caused that holy man to use an unholy word, set a village by the ears, crushed a betrothal, and drove the curate out of his cure. The same theme, with variations, pervades the book. Even in that pure extravaganza, its successor, there is no escaping the tragic hazard. The author must ever digress to show the effects of this peril on persons not immediately concerned with the story. A careless maid left a dust-shovel on the stairs of a suburban mansion. Over this shovel the Lord and Master tripped, started for the office fuming, vented his spleen on Mr. City Clerk, and dismissed him. Result, misery, far surpassing Mr. Micawber's—a chain of bad luck, ending in the death of Mrs. City Clerk, Master City Clerk, and gaol for Mr. City Clerk. The incidental parable of hazard becomes essential in our author's third book, when Mr. Puddlebox sums up to Mr. Wriford the whole matter of their two lives—

Here we are: glumpled; folks have got up and given us fat hits, and glumpled us.

At great cost (too great cost, some may say, for the untimely fate of Mr. Puddlebox, self-sacrificed for "his loony" Wriford, was the scuttiest trick Life has played in all these novels) Mr. Wriford won out. Although his gospel is self-sacrifice, it is hard to forgive Mr. Hutchinson for the slaying of Puddlebox, a creature too great to perish for the redemption of a mere Wriford. It cost even more than that to bring this neuropathic Fleet-Streeter and alleged all-conquering novelist to his right mind. The price was certainly high; but there may be justification. For in Mr. Wriford restored to his right mind we catch a glimpse of a mental attitude which may be the germ of something that, in a later development, has entertained two continents—

He has a trick of saying, "Well, tell me just how you look at this business." It is a trick that is expressed also in his manner, in a certain inviting, sympathetic way that he has, and it comes to be noticed in a much wider circle of his friends.

We know that trick now as "seeing the other fellow's point of view," and that phrase carries with it a name and another story, household words both.

When an author has written five novels, he has provided sufficient field for the sport of tracing his lines of thought, major and minor, the major embodying his philosophy, the minor his engaging mannerisms. In the present case the philosophy, as far as it is yet declared, seems to have three main currents; the awful hazard of Life, the triumph of Faith over Reason, and of Self-Sacrifice over Self-Seeking. It must suffice at present merely to indicate these. There is no finality in philosophy, and the author may not always adhere to the views foreshadowed by the books that will one day be said to represent "his earlier manner." It seems inconceivable that he should ever decline on pessimism, but things as strange have happened to the romancers. Leaving the philosophy, then, where it is for the moment, one can take up with greater freedom the game of chasing the mannerisms, using that word in its most amiable sense to signify the subjects and situations that seem to have an irresistible attraction for this writer.

Here is a little list, in no way complete, which the reader will easily extend: Prize-fighting with a Borrowian echo, also a Borrowian delight in the road, with its rogues and vagabonds; a tender touch on facetious public officials (compare the park-keeper in "Once Aboard the Lugger" with the policeman in "The Clean Heart"); an equally tender and well-informed handling of servants male and female (see Egbert Hunt, Mr. Fletcher, Frederick, High and Low Jinks), with a tendency on the part of their masters to address them in recondite jokes above the domestic comprehension. Add to this a very complete grasp of snobbery in all its branches. The top-note of the genteel snob sounds in Mabel Sabre; of the vulgar in the Chaters. Midway stand some more recent acquaintances, the Pyke Pounces. Dipsomania runs in parallel cases, those of Mr. Pennyquick and Miss Keggs (schoolmaster and schoolmistress), with a happier variation in Puddlebox. Conflicts inside the heads of characters have a way of ending acute phrases with a *click* or a *tchick*; elders long for the youngers to "settle-down," *vide* Hannaford and Stingo. It

so named the Rev. Sebastian Fortune, because he had a whale's belly). There is, in a word, an absence of jinks, high and low, hardly atoned for by Mr. Occleve's frivolous attempt to identify Muffet, the nursemaid, with Miss Muffet. Perhaps Mr. Hutchinson thought that he ought to restrain such amiable fooleries in a problem of feminism. For the book seeks to answer the urgent modern question, "Ought a woman to sacrifice her home to a career?" The answer is in the negative, delivered with great emphasis and upheld with an Aeschylean catastrophe, involving the ruin of one child and the very dreadful death of two others.

While one misses certain lighter Hutchinsonian qualities, there is no denying the power of this study, which maintains the author's theory of Life; but the element of external hazard is modified to inevitable consequence of human action. Here Time steps in as the caller of accounts, and something of the Assassin. He is conceived as of "the cloak and dagger sort, that stalks and pounces." But his pounce is always retributive, never fortuitous. When Rosalie's children rise up in judgment against her, she is never at a loss to trace the reason. The thesis, within its own limits, stands complete. It might be possible to object that the case is not universal: that children whose training has been left to others than their mother sometimes turn out well, and *vice versa*, but that is unnecessary hair-splitting. Mr. Hutchinson states a case, and carries through his argument with ruthless logic. His case is parental responsibility. The storm he has aroused may clear much confused thinking on that subject.

An "aside" in Mr. Hutchinson's gayest book provides an anticipatory review of his latest work. It occurs among the alphabetical Aphorisms of Miss Ram: we preserve Mr. Hutchinson's original italics—

D. Domesticity. Domesticity is the offspring of all the womanly virtues. The virtues impregnate the women, and domesticity is the resultant child. Absence of a single womanly trait aborts, or debilitates the offspring. . . .

"This Freedom" bears no dedication. It might very well have been dedicated to Miss Ram.

It is not the novel alone that is reasserting old principles. Poetry also has begun to challenge the very forward pioneers' view that the poetic spirit cannot live in the traditional form. That way, they say, lies "fake poetry," a patchwork of outworn phrases and borrowed emotions. But even an older form may satisfy their first demand that the poet "shall say what he means honestly, convincingly, and with passion." You will find this virtue in Mr. Wallace B. Nichols, who has dared to cast his poetry in the mould of English historical drama, orthodox in scheme, and yet no fake, for the passion that inspires it declares its reality. He has chosen Simon de Montfort as the hero of his trilogy, "EARL SIMON" (Grant Richards; 5s.), a work in which this writer more

than fulfils his earlier promise. The three plays, "Runnymede," "Earl Simon," and "Viterbo," combine the uncompromising plainness and honesty of the ultra-moderns' thought and phrase with a stately and many-coloured pageantry one hardly expects to find among the younger men. But here it is in the purest and most exalted strain. Mr. Nichols is of to-day and yesterday. I am prepared to prophesy that he is also of to-morrow. He has the courage to assert the beauty of an older mode, not because it is old, but because he feels it to be part of essential poetry, which remains one through all changes of time and form. He has risked much in his apparent concession to tradition. But it is one of those heroic risks without which no poet can come into his own. Like his Earl Simon, he builds for posterity. In a later article I hope to say more about this most important work. Wallace Bertram Nichols has stepped into the first rank of English poets.



THE AUTHOR OF "THIS FREEDOM" AND "IF WINTER COMES":
MR. A. S. M. HUTCHINSON IN HIS STUDY.

While "This Freedom" is going on its successful way, Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's previous "best seller," the universally read "If Winter Comes," has made its appearance on the boards. The drama based on the novel is the work of Mr. Basil Macdonald Hastings. Its first public performance took place on August 3, at the Margate Hippodrome, under the joint rule of Messrs. Owen Nares, B. A. Meyer, and Frank Curzon. "If Winter Comes" is also likely to be seen in London at a West End theatre sometime in the early autumn. Mr. Owen Nares is playing Mark Sabre.

Photograph by Keystone View Co.

hardly matters that these were twins. The senior by "not much in point of time, but very different in point of nature," asserted a senior's rights. As for situation, friend is thrust into constant rivalry in love with friend; they go in pairs: Rollo with Percival, Bill Wyvern with George, and the author's theory of Life makes sudden catastrophe inevitable. He bears a heavy hand in catastrophe. In his first book he left catastrophe unalleviated, except by a spiritual comfort. In his later books, he has tried to patch the affair even in this world.

Many of the old motifs recur in Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's new book, "THIS FREEDOM" (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.), but the general tone is very sombre. Here are no exuberant Dickensian Hannafords to keep merry "little nurses" running through the text; no Jonah to lighten the scene with an illogical nickname (his clerks, you remember,

A PEAK TOPPED WITH BRONZE: A TABLE MOUNTAIN WAR MEMORIAL.



WITH POINTERS INDICATING NEIGHBOURING PEAKS AND PLACES OF INTEREST: A BRONZE SLAB LET INTO THE TOP OF A ROCK NEAR THE SUMMIT OF TABLE MOUNTAIN, AS A WAR MEMORIAL TO SOUTH AFRICAN MOUNTAINEERS.



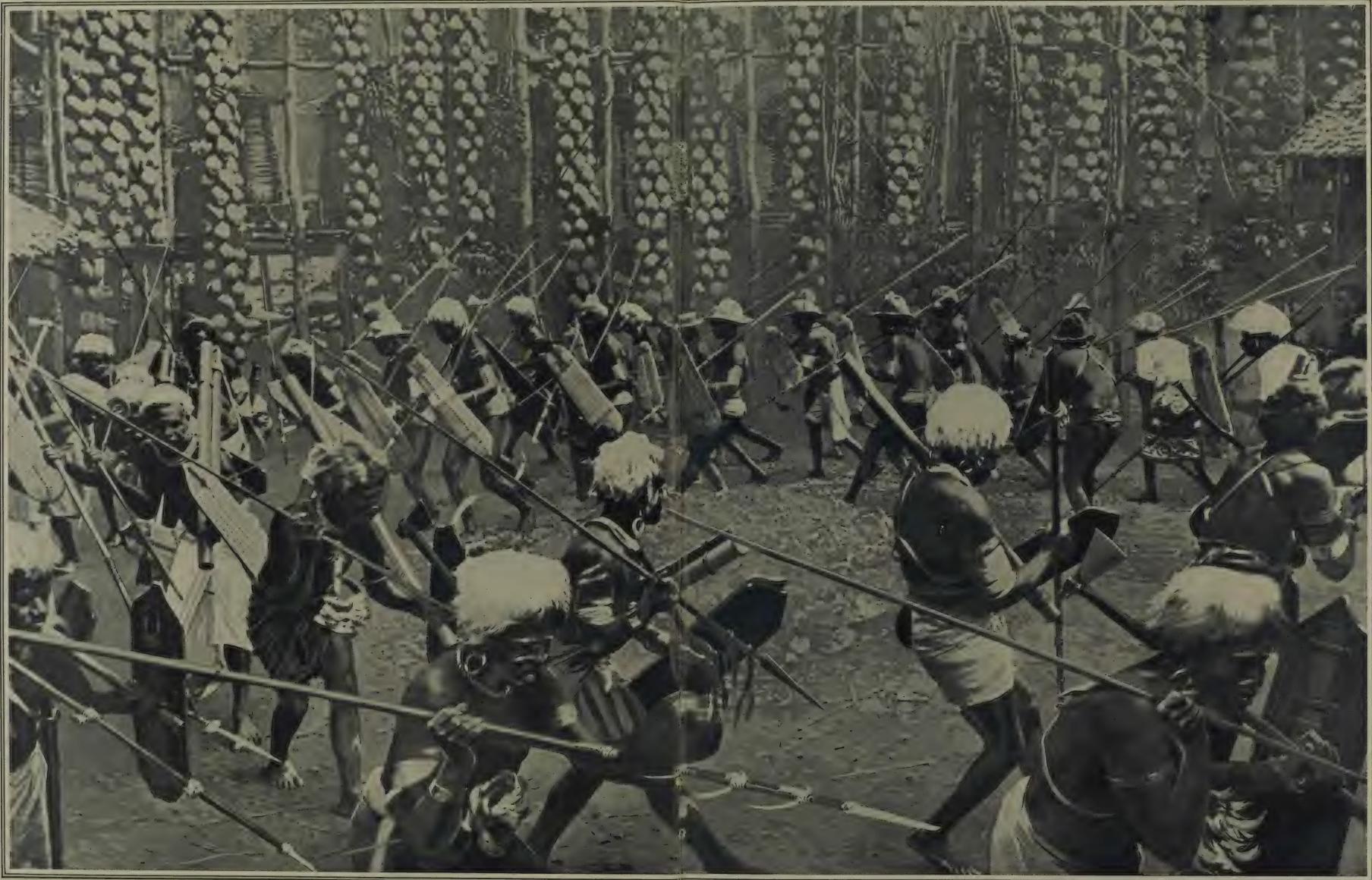
CROWDED WITH A FLAT BRONZE DIAL, AS A WAR MEMORIAL TO MEMBERS OF THE MOUNTAIN CLUB: A ROCK NEAR MACLEAR'S BEACON, THE HIGHEST POINT ON TABLE MOUNTAIN, IN CAPE COLONY.

A war memorial of a unique character is illustrated in these two interesting photographs, which have recently arrived from South Africa. It commemorates those members of the Mountain Club in Cape Colony who lost their lives in the Great War. The memorial consists of a bronze dial indicator let into the top of a rock near Maclear's Beacon, the summit of Table Mountain, Cape Town, with pointers directing attention to various mountain peaks and beauty-spots in the locality. The lower photograph shows that as little artificial work as possible has

been used; the upper one gives a nearer view of the actual slab of bronze on the rock. The effect is both novel and impressive. So far as we are aware, no other description of the memorial has yet appeared in this country. It may be of interest to mention here that a battlefield memorial to South Africans on the Western Front is to be erected at Delville Wood, which has been bought by the Union Government. Funds are being raised at the offices of the High Commissioner of South Africa in Trafalgar Square.

IN A SETTING OF BETEL-NUT PALMS AND STRINGS OF COCONUTS: THE COCKORAKO.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C. W. COLLINSON



THEIR HAIR WHITENED WITH POWDERED CORAL: SOLOMON ISLANDERS PERFORMING A CEREMONIAL LOVE-DANCE IN FULL WAR-PAINT.

The "Cockorako" dance is a native of the Solomon Islands, one of the former German possessions in the South Pacific, now taken over and administered under Mandate by Australia. The dancing-ground is carefully prepared, with a heap of stones for a raised platform in the centre. All round are set tall, straight-stemmed betel-nut palms, held steady by cross-pieces. Up and down the stems are fastened long strings or garlands of coconuts. As many as twenty thousand coconuts are sometimes used. The name Cockorako is "pidgin-English" for cockerel, and is applied to any sort of domestic fowl. The dancers, who are supposed to represent amatory cocks, circle round the centre platform, on which, during part of the dance, one performer stands to represent the hen

they are wooing. They make their own music, on pan-pipes and by blowing into hollowed gourds, as they circle with weird posturings and prancings, now and again paving the ground with their feet. All are in "war-paint," with spears and war-axes and shields; their best garments on, and their hair bleached and whitened for the occasion with powdered coral, which they also mix into a paste and smear decorative streaks on their faces and breasts. Outside the dancing circle stand platforms bearing cone-shaped "puddings" made of mashed yams and edible roots for the dancers and their friends after the festival. Curiously, the skin of the people of the Western Islands of the Solomon group (the scene of the dance) is jet black, contrasting with the coffee-brown complexions of the Eastern group population.

The Best of the Book

A LAND OF PYGMIES AND

CANNIBALS, GORILLAS AND OKAPIS: THE EASTERN CONGO.*

NONE will quarrel with Mr. Barns for calling the Eastern Congo a Wonderland. Its soil breeds agricultural wealth; gold and diamonds are to be had for the working, and mineral riches in general. Its flora and fauna are as fascinating as they are exotic. It is the haunt, not, it is true, of the discredited Brontosaurus of recent stories, but of the okapi, rarest of animals, gigantic gorillas, chimpanzees scarcely less formidable, and many another beast claiming kinship with the giraffe seen by the dear old lady who gazed at it open-mouthed, and then said



WITH PIERCED AND EXTENDED LIP, AS AN EXAMPLE TO WABALI WOMEN TO DO LIKEWISE: ATUBENGWE, A CHIEF.

Atubengwe held out against the Belgian régime for ten years. He had his upper lip pierced and extended as an example to the Wabali women to do likewise and escape slavery.

of it: "I don't believe no such creatures exist." Its lakes, its 1700-feet Kalambo Falls, its forest-growth, the Ruwenzori Mountains, the volcanoes called the Virunga, or Mfumbiro (the cooking-pot), have to be seen to be realised. Its people include dwarfs and pygmies, cannibals still addicted to "long-pig," and Babali members of the dreaded Society of Human Leopards, ready, when on murder bent, to attack with pard-like claws fastened to their hands sharpened steel claws for tearing the body; straight, three-pronged knives for stabbing to death.

In *The Illustrated London News* of a while ago, when the expedition was young, we pictured the huge, crested Kivu gorilla shot by Mr. Barns—a monster 63½ inches from crown of head to sole of foot, four hundred and fifty pounds of ferocity—and gave various other of Mr. Barns' photographs. Now his remarkable book—for it is remarkable—offers full details of the great ape and his end, and of many another vital matter, from insect-catching to elephant-hunting; of work with butterfly net and moth-lamp, rifle, camera, and cinematograph. Seconded by his wife, the explorer-naturalist obtained extraordinary results, and his record is the more valuable in that his journey was no mere place-to-place trek, but a carefully considered scientific progress of observation, through a land destined to loom large in the history of the world—possibly even as the centre of a Black Peril—for it is a strange, almost incomprehensible medley of the old superstitions and of modern thought, of wild, scarce-trod tracks and of railways, of the most primitive of tree and village dwellings and of up-to-date offices and stores and "posts." Contrast is everywhere—and food for thought abundant. And if Mr. Barns does not now rank in the estimation of the natives as at least the equal of Commander Spicer-Simpson, who was in charge of the Tanganyika Naval Expedition during the war, that is not the adventurous traveller's fault. Commander Spicer-Simpson was reverenced by the local tribesmen because he wore the kilt, and he was known as Chifungatumbo, "The Man who Wears a Stomach-Cloth."

Mr. Barns did much more in the way of astonishing the natives, and he was luckier than that Belgian *Chef de Poste* in the Congo who was possessed of a glass eye. In sole command of a large area, this official

found that whenever duty called him to hand over his house to the uncontrolled custody of native servants, much petty thieving went on. "For a time he was at a loss to know how to stop this, but realising the superstitious nature of the savage, it occurred to him one day, when he was about to leave the station, that he would travel without his glass eye, and instead he would place it in a prominent position within his house. This he accordingly did, and, after telling his black dependents that now, if any more pilfering went on, his watchful glass eye would tell him who the culprit was, he left on his rounds through the district. It is said that on his return not only had nothing been taken from his house, but no one had dared venture near the place to sweep it, and the white ants were thoroughly enjoying an undisturbed feed on his best boots." Mr. Barns would have been wearing those boots! But he has to acknowledge: "This was a truly African ending to such an experiment, for, at the end, Africa holds the last card."

The variety of the explorer's experiences is amazing. Some have been indicated; as to others, quotations from his book will give an idea of them.

Danger lurks in numerous guises. In the Nkoma Mountains, he camped by one of the numberless sparkling burns. "These streams, although one of the most delightful features of Burundi, hide the satyr's face of Africa behind the smiling mask, for the Parundi have the disgusting superstition that their dead must be placed in a running stream, under a waterfall for preference, to allow their spirits to be carried away on its waters. Thus, almost all the rivers are polluted in this way, and the utmost care has to be exercised in obtaining and boiling the water for drinking purposes."

In alliance with water, too, are plagues of flies—plagues to the white, that is to say; for the natives collect and eat the insects, in the form of "baked cakes"! At Lake Edward, "at certain times of the year, principally in December, what, in the distance, looks like heavy smoke-clouds, sometimes as much as half a mile in length by three hundred feet in height, are to be seen moving slowly across it. These are in reality clouds of tiny may-flies, the pupae of which are first noticeable as a reddish-brown film covering many hundred square yards of the surface of the lake. From this stage they suddenly hatch out, and rising quickly *en masse*, give the impression of having suddenly appeared from nowhere. Huge clouds of these insects are continually seen sweeping across the lakes, and to get into such a cloud is a most unpleasant experience."

So to water fall: the Bahutu have a novel method designed to keep rain away, and all the people of the Ruanda believe in it, although they are careful to practise only when the wind is in a likely quarter. "A short wooden whistle, or rather pipe, about three-and-a-half inches long, is carried, strung on a string, by most of these natives when on a journey; this pipe would be produced when a storm threatened by any native who thought himself favoured by the

responsible for one of its curious uses: "There broke forth from the opposite thicket the weirdest 'devil's tattoo' that can be imagined; it started with an indrawn whine, which quickly increased in volume, until it broke out into a hoarse grunt, accompanied by a heavy, resonant clopp—clopp—clopp. I had, of course, heard of both the gorilla and orang-outan beating their chests to frighten away an intruder, but when I first listened to this extraordinary 'clopping' noise, I scarcely realised that it was being made by the great ape beating his chest."

Then there are the elephant-tusk and the drums. Moera, the Wanandi chief, used them to call the Pygmies to the hunting of the okapi, dweller in the vast forest region of West Africa, "a vegetable kingdom. . . . a region that affects profoundly all human or animal life within it," where "the world is buried in grotesque growths; a plant world where giant and majestic trees jostle one another for breathing space, where a continuous war is being waged, and living, dead, and dying trees litter the battlefield. The big village drum beat out the message across the forest that a white man and his *bibi* (lady) had arrived and wished to talk to the chief of the Pygmies. This 'call' was repeated several times during the night, not only on the drum, but by blowing a series of blasts on a horn hollowed out of an elephant's tusk."



WITH A DISC OF WOOD IN HER CUT AND EXTENDED UPPER LIP, IN ORDER TO ESCAPE SLAVERY: A MOBIRA WOMAN.

"The cause for thus disfiguring themselves goes back to the old Arab slave days, when an ugly woman had a better chance of escaping slavery than a comely one."

In answer came the chief and six others, clansmen who will do anything for salt, as will many others for meat.

The forest dwarf is a very necessary agent when certain specimens are coveted. He is an adept at "calling" animals, particularly the chimpanzee, and "will sit alone with his bow and arrow imitating the cry of this ape, or some other animal, until one approaches closely, when he lets fly a shaft and kills it more often than not, for they are expert marksmen, and use poisoned arrows. . . . All the male Pygmies, men and children, had small round bows and numberless arrows, some of the latter having broad iron heads with feathered shafts (some of them poisoned with a paste of the deadly *Strophantus* seeds), whilst others were merely finely pointed raphia splinters flighted with shaped pieces of dried leaf. Most of the men had round skin pads attached to their left wrists, made, apparently, in some cases from the dried and stuffed *scrota* of various animals, to protect the arm from the bow-string, and in which to carry their poison."

As to the material riches of the Belgian Congo: In 1920 were exported: of gold, 3,800 kilos; diamonds, 250,000 carats; copper, 30,000,000 kilos; palm nuts, 50,000,000 kilos; palm oil, 20,000,000; rubber, 2,500,000; ivory, 400,000; copal, 9,000,000; rice, 10,000,000; tin, 500,000; cocoa, 1,000,000; skins, 400,000 kilos.

Yes; a wonderland; largely unknown, little developed. What it will become is in the lap of the gods—and the administrators.

Mr. Barns' splendidly picturesque book will certainly re-arouse interest in it, and it must be counted fortunate in having so doughty and so experienced a champion.

E. H. G.



PUNISHMENT FOR HAVING ACCIDENTALLY SEEN PART OF THE MAMBELA INITIATION CEREMONIES: WABALI WOMEN BEING WHIPPED.

Photographs reproduced from "The Wonderland of the Eastern Congo," by Courtesy of the Authors, and of the Publishers, Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

gods, and he would blow it whilst standing on some eminence, such as an ant-hill or mound, at intervals cursing and imploring Jupiter Pluvius not to use his watering-pot."

Sound plays great rôles in African life, apart altogether from "music" and song. The gorilla is

* "The Wonderland of the Eastern Congo; the Region of the Snow-crowned Volcanoes, the Pygmies, the Giant Gorilla, and the Okapi." By T. Alexander Barns, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S., F.E.S. Illustrated. (G. P. Putnam's Sons; 31s. 6d. net.)

"LONG-PIG" EATERS AND PYGMIES: IN THE EASTERN CONGO WONDERLAND.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS IN "THE WONDERLAND OF THE EASTERN CONGO," BY COURTESY OF MR. T. ALEXANDER BARNS AND MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS. (SEE "THE BEST OF THE BOOK.")



NOT A LUXURY TO THE BIRDS OF AFRICA—SAVE
THE PIED WAGTAIL: BELENOIS FEEDING.



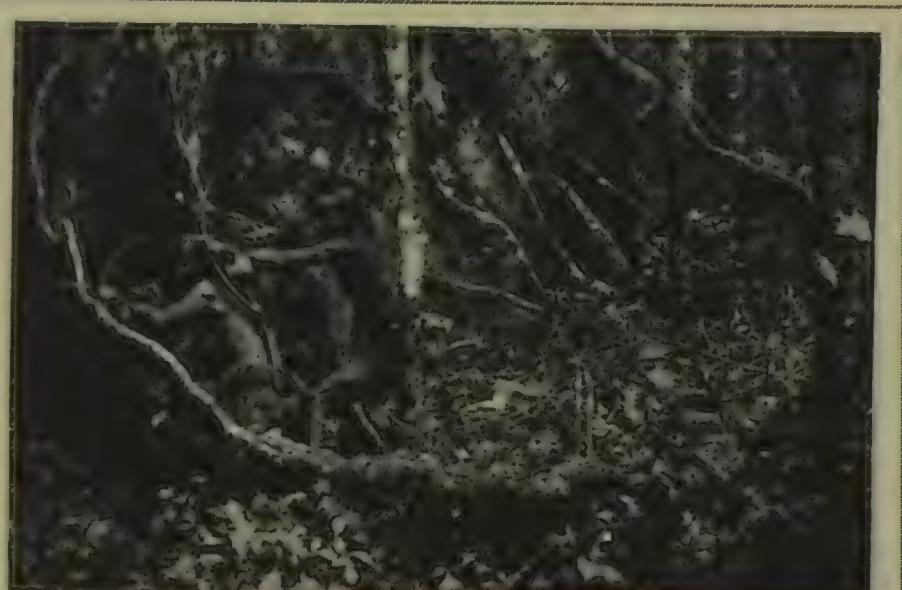
FROM GRASS COUNTRY AND THE ITURI FOREST: AN ELEPHANT'S TUSK OF WHITE
IVORY (LEFT) AND "BLACK" IVORY TUSKS.



AS UNTOUCHED BY CIVILISATION AS THEY WERE BEFORE THE ADVENT OF THE WHITE
MAN: WAMBUBA CANNIBALS.



EATERS OF "LONG PIG": WAMBUBA CANNIBALS (NOT PYGMIES)
COOKING MONKEY MEAT IN THE SEMLIKI FOREST.



BEHIND ONE OF THE SEMI-AERIAL ROOTS OF A GIANT FOREST TREE:
PYGMIES SHOOTING WITH BOW AND ARROW.



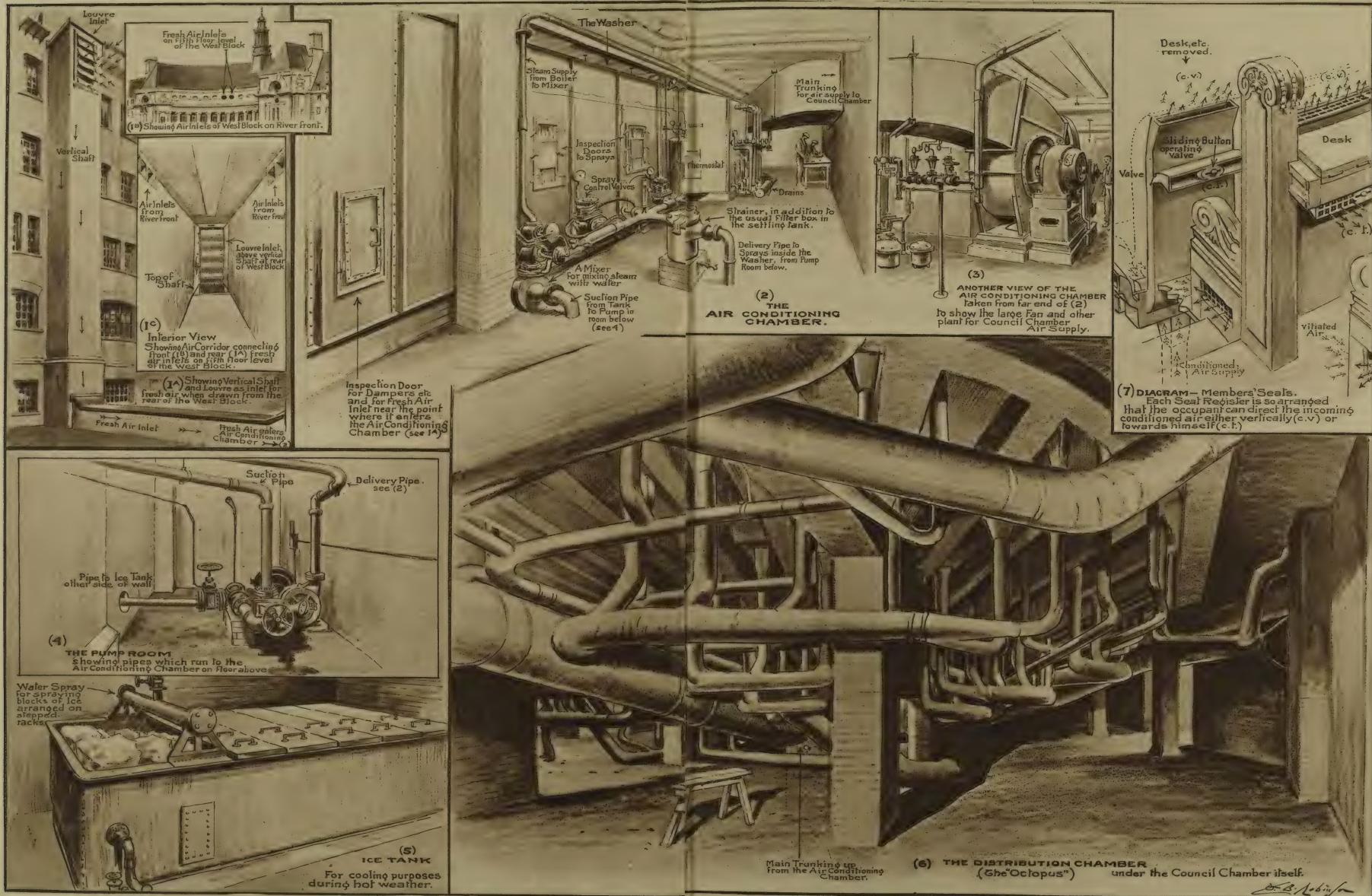
IN THE FOREST THAT IS THEIR HOME: PYGMY WOMEN
AND CHILDREN OF THE WANDERING TRIBES.

In his remarkably interesting book, "The Wonderland of the Eastern Congo," which is dealt with on the opposite page, Mr. T. Alexander Barns has a good deal to say about both the pygmies and the cannibals of that land. The pygmies are nominally under the Wanandi chief, Moera; actually they are the original owners and indigenous race of the Congo forests. There are four clans, called the Wambute. They are ever on the move, hunting, trapping, stealing from the plantations, and grubbing for roots. They are indispensable for hunting the okapi.—Cannibalism is still in evidence in some parts of the Congo. So far as

the Wambuba are concerned, it is confined to-day to the exhumation of dead bodies and the eating of them.—Elephant tusks from the long-grass country are of the usual creamy-white colour; those from the virgin forest are of so dark a brown that they are almost black; where the two districts touch the tusks are of an intermediate shade.—One of Mr. Barns's notes on butterflies may be quoted: "From close observation made in the course of my travels through Central Africa . . . I am of the opinion that African birds are not partial to butterflies as food, always excepting the African pied wagtail."

ICED AIR OR WARM AIR BY BUTTON-SLIDING: THE "OCTOPUS" THAT VENTILATES THE COUNTY HALL.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON.



EACH MEMBER OF THE L.C.C. AS CONTROLLER OF THE TEMPERATURE AND VENTILATION

BOUT HIM: SPRAYED AND FILTERED AIR FOR THE COUNCIL CHAMBER—THE PLANT MAZE.

Fresh air is drawn into the system from the rear of the West Block (Fig. 1a) or from the inlets on the Thames frontage (Fig. 1b), and, passing down a glazed-brick shaft, enters the conditioning chambers through special inlets controlled by dampers. The air then passes to the humidifier, where it is sprayed and thoroughly saturated, and, passing through zig-zag washing plates, is thoroughly cleansed of impurities, which are strained into a settling-tank. Automatically controlled batteries warm the air to a constant temperature of 65 degrees, and electric fans propel it to the Council Chamber, beneath which is located a maze of distributing-pipes—peculiarly known as "The Octopus." During hot weather the air is cooled by spraying over blocks of ice. By the simple movement of a small button, each occupant of the Council Chamber can direct the incoming air either toward himself, or vertically out of his own

range, as will be seen in Diagram No. 7. Additional fans extract vitiated air from the floor level and from the roof of the Council Chamber. The automatic control system is so organised and arranged that any tendency towards variation in the desired temperature or humidity will at once react on controlling instruments in the apparatus-room, the apartment where, previous to delivery, the air is "conditioned." To give an idea of the capacity and working capabilities of the system, it may be mentioned that, without creating any appreciable draught, upwards of forty tons of air can be passed hourly into the Council Chamber. In summer, without employing the refrigerating plant, by means of the evaporation of some twenty to thirty gallons of water an hour, the inside temperature can be kept at from ten to twenty degrees below the shade-reading outside.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE "PLAYNE MAN'S" RIVER: THE THAMES AT LONDON.

KODAK PHOTOGRAPHS BY THOMAS BELL.

*"The
Riverside."*



*"The
Landing-Stage."*



It need scarcely be said that London owes her proud position to the Thames. None know it better than her citizens. Is there not Stow's story of the Alderman who, "whenas on a time it was told him by a courtier that Queen Mary in her

displeasure against London had appointed to remoue with the Parliament and Terme to Oxford, this playne man demanded whether she meant also to diuert the Riuver of Thames from London or no? and when the Gentleman had answered

[Continued opposite.]

"THE RIVER THAMES THAT BY OUR DOOR DOTH PASS."

KODAK PHOTOGRAPH BY THOMAS BELL.



"*On the Thames*":—"His First Beginning is but Small and Shallow; yet, Keeping on his Course, Grows to a Sea."

Continued:

no, then quoth the Alderman, by God's grace wee shall do well enough at London whatsoeuer become of the Tearme and Parliament." Greeted in song and story, subject of many a History, painted times without number, the river retains its

fascination. Now, in these later years, it is the photographer's turn to picture it, its moods, its vanities, and its labours. How admirably he can do it our illustrations bear silent witness.

A DEACON BECOMES PRIEST: THE LAYING ON OF HANDS.

DRAWN BY STEVEN SPURRIER.



WITH HIS STOLE STILL TIED ACROSS, FROM THE LEFT SHOULDER TO THE RIGHT HIP: THE DEACON BLESSED BY THE OFFICIATING CLERGY.

The ordination of candidates for the ministry in the Church of England as deacons, and the advancement of deacons to the authority and status of full priesthood, takes place at appointed seasons of the Church's year and on the dates of one of the festivals of the Church. Deacons, who represent the junior grade in the hierarchy, receive, so to speak, their "first commission" on the occasion, the ceremony authorising them to perform the acts of ministry, with

certain limitations. Each is blessed by the laying-on of hands, the presiding Bishop or Archbishop, as it may be, conducting the service. The stole, is, in the case of a deacon, fastened on by tying it across from the left shoulder to the right hip. In the case of the ordination of priests, the deacon has his stole already in place, and after the blessing the stole is untied and placed round the neck.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

BUCHANAN'S SCOTCH WHISKY



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THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE yachting contingent of the world of women has changed, like everything else. It is, as I write, assembled here at Cowes, which is breezy, cheery, and sunny; that is to say, quite at its best. The days of the great yachts, steamers on which were nightly dinners and frequent dances, and of seventy-ton sailing craft on which women went racing, are almost over. Present-day funds will not run to it. On the big Royal Yacht lying out in the Roads, and having the King and Queen and the Duke of Connaught and Prince George on board, dinner parties are nightly events; but the King's racer *Britannia* is not in commission, and, oh, dear, what a difference it does make in the interest of the racing! Beyond her lies the great guard-ship, H.M.S. *Barham*, and near by a torpedo-boat which used to follow the *Britannia* when the King went racing, for his Majesty is a very precious possession of ours, and we do take care of him, whether he likes it or not; as a matter of fact, I believe that he does not!

The Squadron Gardens are the centre of social life here, for in them assemble for tea all not actually racing; and about lunch-time there is a good deal of coming and going, while in the evening people sit out, and listen to a really good band if the weather is not too chilly. As the wind goes down this is seldom the case, albeit wraps are found grateful and comforting, and Tuesday, when the King dined at the Squadron, was wet. The Queen has pleased everyone by coming ashore frequently. On Monday she landed after an early lunch, accompanied by the Marquise d'Hautpoul. Her Majesty was dressed in cream-coloured serge, and wore a pale-blue hat. Entering a motor car waiting at the other side of the Squadron, she went to Yarmouth, and then to tea with General and Mrs. Seely at Brooke House, returning to the *Victoria and Albert* about half-past six, by which time there was a considerable sea on. The King went for a cruise in Major Philip Hunloke's *Mavourneen*. That being a small boat, and the breeze being big, they put in to Osborne Bay, and had lunch there. On such a splendid day for big racing-yachts his Majesty must have missed the *Britannia*. All being well, I think that beautiful boat will be out next season. Prince George accompanied the King, and the Duke of Connaught came ashore.

There was quite a big tea party in the garden—or, rather, a series of parties at nice different-sized tables,

in his usual genial and happy mood. The Duchess of Sutherland, with a white pleated serge skirt, wore a long-waisted dark blue serge coat and a dark blue velvet pull-on hat, with narrow brims lined with white. Her Grace enjoyed a cigarette, and showed herself one of the women who can smoke prettily. At another table Countess Fitzwilliam had a merry party of children and young people. Viscount Milton

handsome big boat, the *Magdalen*, and cruised, watching the racing, until nearly five. The Queen, who was very simply but also very suitably dressed in cream-coloured serge, and was wearing a neat little blue hat nearly the colour of her eyes, with white shoes and stockings, embarked, with the Countess of Shaftesbury in attendance, on a royal launch and landed at East Cowes, returning to the *Victoria and Albert* for lunch, and later again landing at East Cowes for a motor run. The King and the Duke of Connaught dined in the evening at the Squadron. A storm broke over Southampton at that time, and the effect of the white and red sailed yachts against the black thunder-clouds was fine.

In dress at Cowes, at least so far as the coat-and-skirt aspect of it is concerned, there was a distinct return to the waist line of nature and to the severe and simple tailor-built style. Very popular were speckled wool and silk coats and skirts of woven fabric, which were first seen in strictly limited numbers a couple of seasons back. They are not very pretty or smart-looking, but, being warm, light, and comfortable, are most suitable for women who really yacht. With a good oilskin or mackintosh over one of these suits, comfort and convenience are secured. They are in many colours, with the speckle always in white.

There are two sad topics which tempered the gaiety of the tea-time gossip in the Squadron Garden. Everyone missed Sir Henry and Lady Wilson, who were so popular at Cowes as elsewhere. One could see the tall, loosely strung figure of the murdered Field-Marshal in one's memory, coming over the velvety lawn, his plain, strong face smiling away happily, as he came to join his tall and handsome, dignified-looking wife at tea with her friends, and was always at his happiest if there were a couple of little grand-nieces of the party. The other sorrowful subject, often touched upon, was the tragic death of Adele Countess of Essex, who was well known and very greatly liked by so many of those assembled for the Regatta. She had been at home on Regatta week more than once, and many were recalling the fact that at Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten's wedding she looked so handsome and happy, accompanied by her recently married daughter, Lady Joan Peake. She had the social sense very strongly developed, and



AFTERNOON FROCKS FOR SUMMER DAYS.

The charm of organdie is well illustrated by the dress shown on the right of our sketch; while embroidered georgette forms the material for the model on the left. Large hats, low waists, and elaborate parasols are among the features of to-day's fashions.

was with her, and her youngest daughter, and Lady Donatia Fitzwilliam, who was in white with a blue pull-on hat. Lady Fitzwilliam was in a white skirt, blue coat, and pale-blue hat shot with silver. Her children were very busy with multi-coloured balloons, which tugged very excitedly to go off in the breeze. Lady Cynthia Colville was all in dark blue, save her hat, which was grey silk velours. The Hon. Mrs. Roland Cubitt made a charming spot of colour against the green background in a dress of pale-pink knitted wool, in narrow sections which were intersected by silk embroidery. A wide-brimmed flamingo red hat was worn; the brims of straw were lined with pink silk and the crown was of velvet. The Earl and Countess of Albemarle went for a spin, both being experienced yachtspeople; but their boat was too small to brave the breeze far out. The Countess of Shaftesbury was ashore in the morning visiting the Earl, who is staying at the Squadron, and who saw her off again in a royal pinnace in time for lunch on the *Victoria and Albert*. Lady Shaftesbury was wearing a white skirt, a pale mauve knitted jumper, and a beige-coloured velours hat. Sophia Lady Paston Cooper came over from Netley Castle, with her son, Mr. Ivor Ferguson, and enjoyed listening to the band. Being blind, she finds music her chief pleasure.

Yachting was by no means the only pleasure provided at Cowes; there was plenty of dancing and tennis. On the opening day of the R.Y.S. Regatta, Tuesday, Prince George and the Marquess of Milford Haven lunched with Lady Glentanar at Hamlet Lodge, and later had some good games of lawn tennis. Lady Glentanar was hostess at a dance given by her son for young people the previous evening. The King, after witnessing the start for his Cup from his own big steamer, watched with the Queen a big Italian war-ship steam by, the men manning ship and the guns of H.M.S. *Barham* saluting her as she took her majestic way, followed by an Italian torpedo-boat. Very soon after this his Majesty, the Duke of Connaught, the Marquise d'Hautpoul and the Marchioness of Milford Haven embarked on Mr. W. G. Jameson's



BEACH FROCKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

The little holiday-maker on the left has gaily checked knickers under his embroidered tunic; while his elder sister has a simple little frock of navy blue with a white collar and cuffs.

also possessed a talent for dress. Wherever she went she was always in the picture, and herself a picture. I believe she made a point of always doing good-natured things and never saying ill-natured ones. A very excellent rule of life this, and one which endeared Adele, Lady Essex to a very wide circle of friends.

A. E. L.

COMFORTABLE AND USEFUL COSTUMES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

The young sailor is very happy playing by the shore, and his sister's frock will not spoil with salt water. It is of green linen with appliquéd flowers in gay shades of yellow and orange.

while comfortable wicker chairs were provided and a really good band played. Shelter from the wind and bright sunshine made of it a very pleasant afternoon. The Duke of Somerset, who had joined the Duchess, landing from Lord Inchcape's steamer—while her Grace had lunched ashore with Lady Glentanar at Hamlet Lodge—had a cheery table, and was himself

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Standard Touring	... 235
Special Touring	... 263
Saloon (Standard 5-seater)	... 375

In this group the 6-cylinder Buick Touring Car at

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4-CYLINDER :

Chassis	... £295	Allweather (Gwynn Head)	£555
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Arcadian Cabriolet	... 605	Canadian Standard.	
Saloon (Canadian Standard)	... 560	List Price of Chassis £295. List Price of Coachwork £265.	

6-CYLINDER (Short Chassis) :

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2-seater	... 575
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Chassis	... £335	English Touring	... £440
Standard 2-Seater	... 385	List Price of Chassis £335. List Price of Coachwork £105.	
English 2-Seater	... 420		
Standard Touring (Canadian)	390	Coupe 4-Seater	... 520
		Saloon 5-Seater	... 590

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"HUSBANDS ARE A PROBLEM." AT THE AMBASSADORS.

AUDIENCES in holiday mood may find the new light comedy of Mr. Harris Deans, "Husbands are a Problem," sufficiently to their liking. The "problem" presented by the divorced husband in its story—or rather, by his return—does not put any undue strain on the playgoer's intelligence, but makes, on the whole, for entertainment; and there is brightness in some of the author's lines, as well as humour in some of his situations. For the sake of the wit and the fun, inconsequences of plot and character may be overlooked, though really they abound. Why such a fashion-plate of a woman as Mrs. Ripley should ever have married so slovenly and disreputable a creature as her husband; how she disposed of him, and why, when free, she posed as a widow; why she should want to hand over her nice little daughter to a man old enough to be the girl's father; why, having got rid of the ne'er-do-well Ripley a second time, she should relent at the last moment and take him back to her heart—these things there is no understanding and no attempt to explain. But there is the spectacle of the incubus planting himself in a home where nobody but one person, at any rate, wants him, and defying for long the efforts of everybody else to expel him, and on the drollery of that spectacle the playwright relies. The cast employs the services of artists of the quality of Mr. C. V. France, Miss Kate Cutler, and Miss Ethel Coleridge; but the performance which is genuinely refreshing is that of Miss Agatha Kentish in a "flapper" rôle. One of the most appreciated witticisms of the play was the definition of a bachelor. According to Mr. Harris Deans, he is a person who has "Respected by all who knew him" written on his tombstone when he dies—and that

means he never had a wife! The reflection that up to twenty-one a man is a gentleman by birth, but after that age he is what he makes himself, is also distinctly neat and subtle; and many women will agree with the truth of the statement that a man may look flirtatiously at ankles, but when he begins to take a serious interest in a woman's feet, it

"LISTENING IN." AT THE APOLLO.

The wireless accessories of the new revue at the Apollo will recommend it at a time in which so many folk are taking to the amusement of "Listening In." The flashing of wires over the arch of the proscenium during the course of the comic lecture on the new telegraphy is sure to have piquancy for playgoers who have heard of "broadcasting," and want to know something of wireless mechanics. But a revue cannot depend wholly on incidentals of this sort; it must have its appeals to a sense of humour, and there is one comedian at least in the Apollo cast who has made good, even through the ordeal of a first-night that came after two postponements, and that is Mr. Will Hay. His share in a burlesque of a "slow-motion" cinematograph of the Dempsey-Carpentier fight is uproariously comic, just as is his contribution to a schoolroom scene. A dance given by Miss Thelma Edwards, the singing of Mr. Richard Neller, and the playing of his own compositions by Mr. Herman Darewski were also well received at the première; but a good deal of revision will be needed before it will be quite safe to predict a future of success for "Listening In."



THE CELEBRATION OF THE JUBILEE OF THE EASTERN TELEGRAPH COMPANY RECENTLY: THE DINING-ROOM WHERE A BANQUET WAS GIVEN TO 750 GUESTS, INCLUDING THE DUKE OF YORK AND SEVERAL FOREIGN AMBASSADORS. The fiftieth anniversary of the "birthday" of the Eastern Telegraph Company was celebrated by a banquet and garden fete at the Royal Botanic Gardens, the arrangements being carried out by Messrs. J. Lyons and Co. Upwards of 6500 guests attended the garden fete, at which an entertainment was given by Mlle. Karsavina, and displays by Morris Dancers, Lady Fencers from the Bertrand School, an open-air dramatic display, and an exhibition of tennis by leading players.

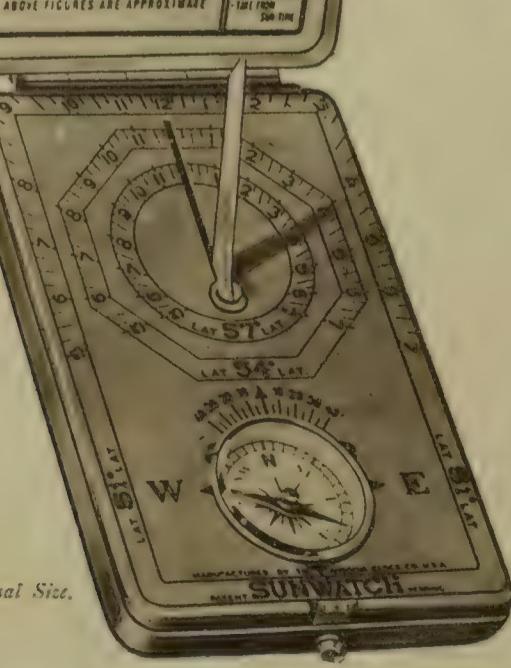
indicates solid affection, this epigram being illustrated by two loving couples who enjoyed a good deal of "business" over the removal of damp little shoes, and the fitting on of elegant slippers.

Thirty-three cars were entered for the recent Vesey Cup Trial, and of these entries three were 11·9-h.p. Bean cars, all of which were successful. The two-seater 11·9-h.p. Bean driven by Mr. Harold Goodwin not only succeeded in winning a gold medal, but also secured the Vesey Cup, which is awarded to the winner of a gold medal with the lowest petrol consumption. Mr. Goodwin's consumption on this occasion was 41·99 ton miles per gallon, which is equivalent to 38·6 miles per gallon—a quite remarkable performance. The other two Bean cars earned for Mr. Sydney Griffiths and Mr. Frank Eckford a gold medal and a silver medal respectively.

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AYR	55°	3°	18°
BELFAST	54°	6°	19°
BIRMINGHAM	52°	2°	16°
BRADFORD	54°	2°	16°
CARDIFF	51°	3°	16°
CORK	52°	8°	19°
DUBLIN	53°	10°	19°
DUNFRIES	55°	4°	18°
DUNDAVON	54°	6°	18°
DUNDEE	56°	5°	18°
EDINBURGH	56°	3°	17°
ENNIS	52°	9°	19°
ENISKILLEN	54°	9°	19°
GALWAY	53°	9°	19°
GLASGOW	56°	4°	18°
INVERNESS	57°	4°	18°
KILDARE	53°	7°	18°
KILMARNOCK	55°	10°	19°
LIMERICK	53°	9°	19°
LIVERPOOL	53°	0°	17°
LONDON	51°	0°	17°
LONDON BERRY	55°	7°	19°
MANCHESTER	53°	2°	16°
MERSEY ON THE	55°	1°	16°
NOTTINGHAM	53°	1°	16°
PLYMOUTH	50°	4°	18°
SHEFFIELD	53°	1°	16°
SLIGO	54°	6°	19°
SOUTHAMPTON	52°	7°	15°
WATERFORD	52°	10°	20°
WESTPORT	56°	3°	18°
WICK	56°	3°	18°



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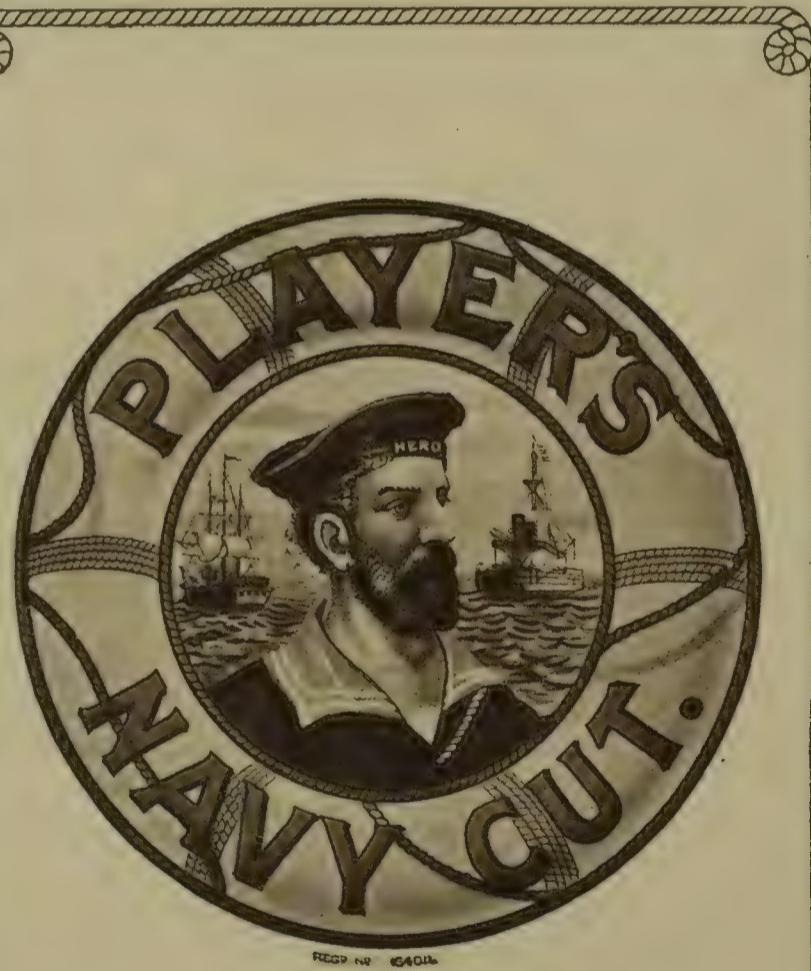
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Marcus Aurelius on Insurance *Investigation & Foresight*

MARCUS AURELIUS wrote of his adoptive father, his predecessor, the Emperor Antoninus Pius:

"I observed too his habit of careful inquiry in all matters of deliberation, and his persistency, and that he never stopped his investigation through being satisfied with appearances which first present themselves, and to foresee things a long way off and to provide for the smallest."

Were he alive to-day the wise Emperor would evidently have studied the matter of Insurance in all its phases.

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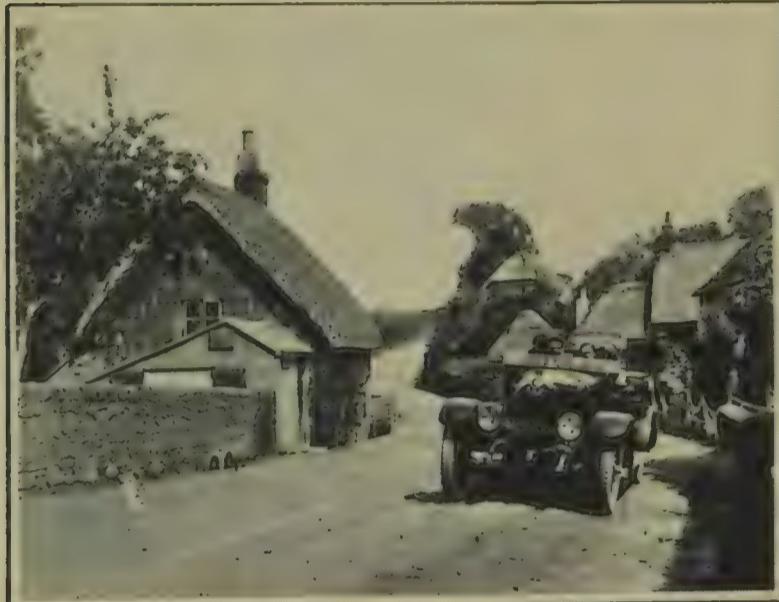
THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

In the Matter of Coach-Work. Although change of all kinds is somewhat insensible—that is, we do not notice the gradual evolution of things as they alter from day to day—it is, nevertheless, a truism that change is constantly taking place and the thing of to-day differs radically from that of yesterday. In nothing connected with the car is this more true than in the matter of coach-work. If anyone doubts this, let him compare the motor bodies of to-day and those of 1920, and he will see how fashion and utility have combined to alter the details until the one is quite essentially different from the other. The general trend of change has been to make the car more a carriage than it was, and to make a single vehicle one which can be used for all

body, but one that can be quite aesthetic, and even possess a certain beauty of line which is not to be seen in bodies of any other convertible type. Of all the closed bodies, the saloon is undoubtedly the one which best lends itself to grace of outline, but it has the disadvantage that the car is a town carriage and nothing else. The best of the "all-weathers" combines, as I have said, the advantage of the convertible body with the comfort and general appearance of the saloon.

The type, however, has a drawback, in that it is very difficult indeed to build it so that it does not develop noise after some little use. Moreover, as a rule, it is not easy for a single person to manipulate it in changing from open to closed. I saw one the other day, however, which struck me as being the cleverest body of the type that has yet been designed. The construction seems absolutely rattle-proof, while it can be handled as easily as the ordinary Cape-cart hood. The side-pillars, which usually are a point of difficulty in fixing, are so cleverly arranged that they unfold with the hood and drop into their sockets without assistance. When the hood is drawn up into place, four wing-nuts are tightened, and the conversion is complete. It has been designed by Messrs. Gwynnes, of Hammersmith, and is adaptable to any design of open touring body. Not the least attractive feature is that it admits of all four doors being used. To my mind, it is the last word in bodies of the "all-weather" type.

to indicate to the traveller which is which. Before the war the *Auto* called attention to the increasing danger, and proposed that cross-roads should be



IDEAL TRAVELLING AMID IDEAL SURROUNDINGS: A 19·6-H.P. CROSSLEY PASSING THROUGH SHAFLEET VILLAGE, ONE OF THE BEAUTY-SPOTS IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

purposes and occasions. Quite the most remarkable trend has been in the direction of the "all-weather" type of body, which enables the car to be used as an open touring vehicle and as a closed saloon for town work and for bad weather. Very much time and thought has been devoted to the type, which in its latest expression is not only an extraordinarily useful

be well if one or two coroners' juries would add a rider to their verdicts censuring the Ministry of Transport for its failure to mark these danger-points. At all cross-roads, with but few exceptions, it is possible to say that one road should hold precedence over the other. That is to say, one may be regarded as a main and the other as a secondary road; but there is never anything

Accidents at Cross-Roads. The last few weeks have produced a

disquieting number of fatal and non-fatal accidents at cross-roads. As a rule, it is held in these cases that the occurrence was a pure accident and that neither driver was to blame. As a matter of fact, I think it would

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW TO MAKE AN AIRMAN JEALOUS: A BEAN 11/9 CHASSIS WITH A DE LUXE BODY.

marked by a very simple and inexpensive sign. I believe the scheme was submitted individually to every Member of Parliament, and met with general approval. Since the war the matter has been reopened, particularly in connection with the much-talked-of sign-posting scheme of the Ministry. All over the country we see signs being erected to replace those of the R.A.C. or the A.A., but nothing is being done to differentiate the classes of roads. We were told that all the roads in the country were to be classified, and it is understood this has been done. Still, the cross-road danger persists, and the Ministry does nothing to assist. One of these days a Cabinet Minister will be killed at a cross-road, and then possibly something will be done.

W. W.

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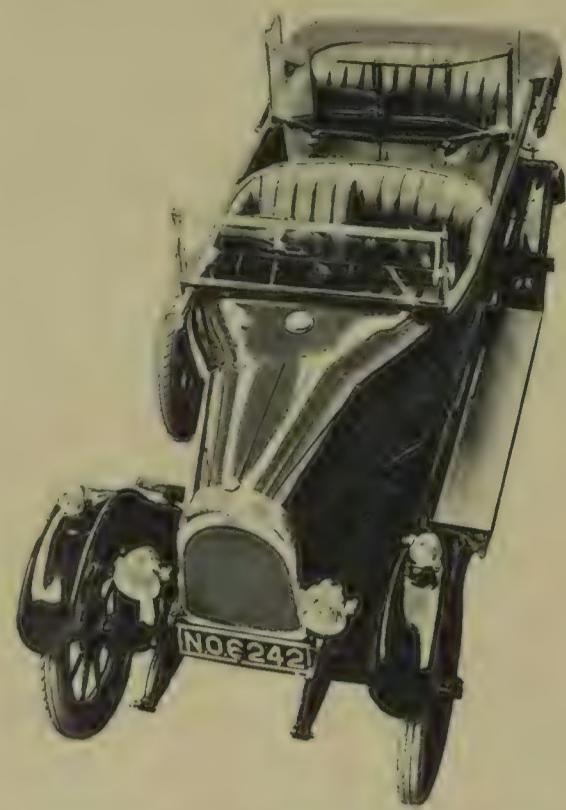
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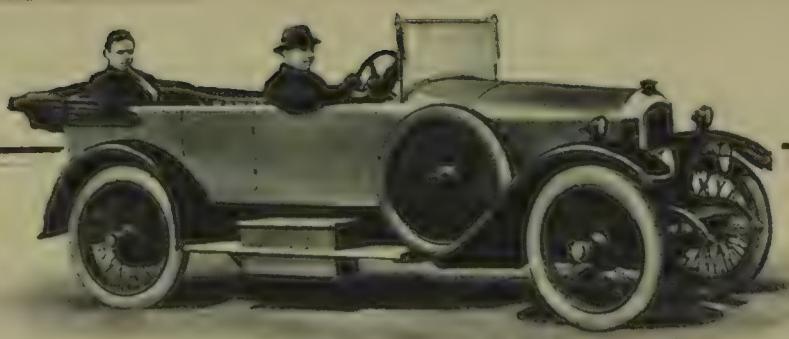
is practically weightless on the arm, or in wear. Those who are faultlessly dressed appreciate its protection. If the sun is hot and dust is in the air, one is cooler with it on than with it off. If the wind is chilly one is colder with it off than with it on. If it rains, one needs no other shelter than this perfect weatherproof-dustcoat,

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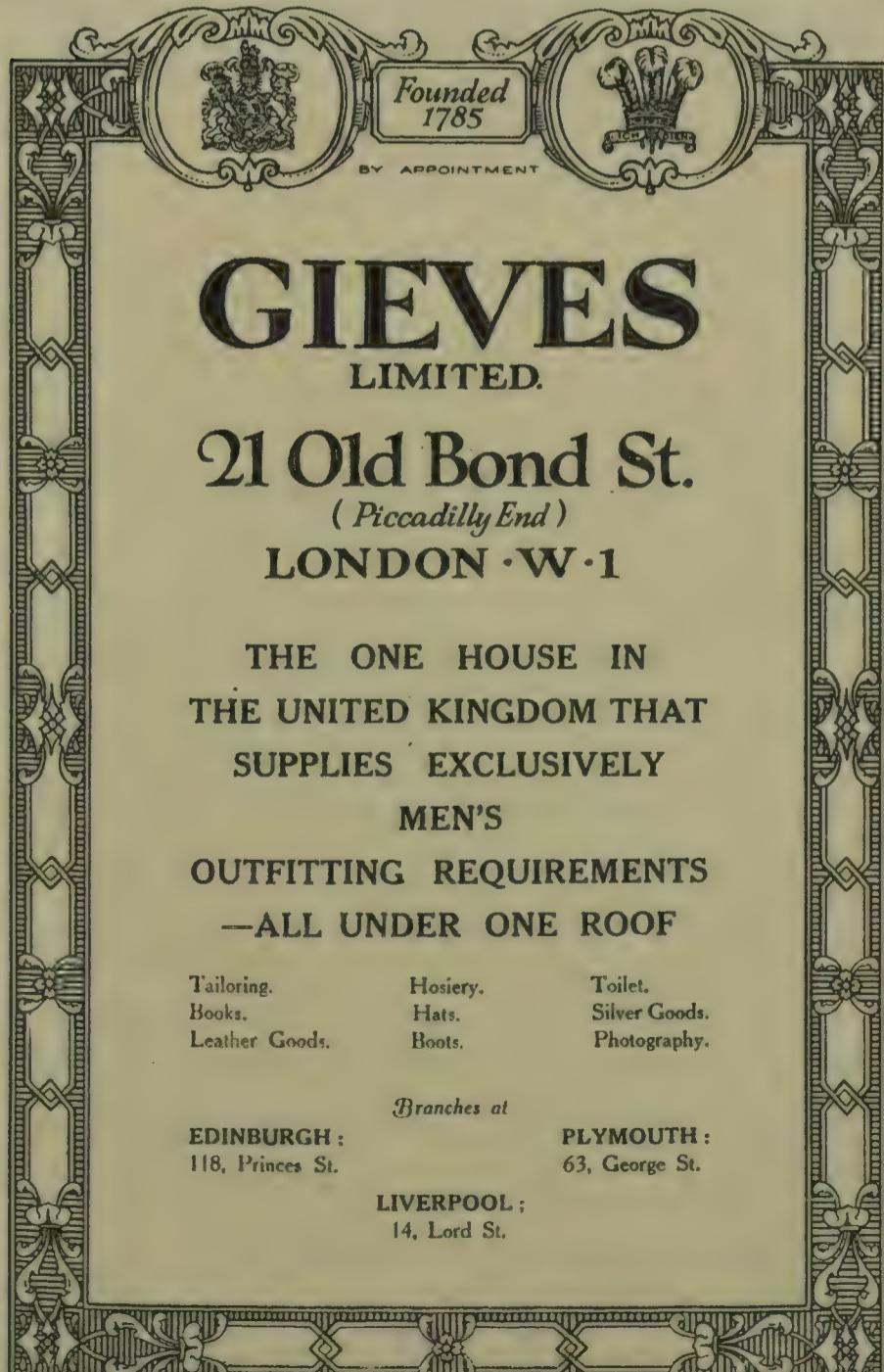
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MORE ABOUT TITANIA'S PALACE.

OUR readers already know a great deal about Titania's Palace, and many of them have seen and admired Sir Nevile Wilkinson's exquisite work of art when it was exhibited at Olympia; but the romance of that super doll's-house, like all good fairy-stories, never comes quite to an end. It is always possible for people with Sir Nevile's gifts of imagination to answer the question: "And what did they do after that?" "They" means not only Queen Titania and her courtiers, but the people in the book, "Yvette in Italy and Titania's Palace," in which Sir Nevile told how the palace came to be built. Yvette and Marietta and the Painter were too much alive and too closely in touch with Elliland to be satisfied with one volume of adventure, as Sir Nevile the master-craftsman very well knew, and he has not kept us waiting long to hear the sequel, for which his readers, big and little, must have longed. And here it is, a thing as beautiful and as wonderful as its predecessor. Perhaps a little more so, if possible. In "Grey Fairy and Titania's Palace," you are invited to accompany Yvette and Marietta and the Painter on a motor-run from Holyhead to Rapallo, there to pay another visit to Inez and her millionaire father, Mr. Hoffmann, at the Dream Castello. They went in Mr. Hoffmann's new car, which he, the practical American, thoughtlessly called "the Hummer"; but Yvette and Marietta knew better: it was really "Grey Fairy," and "Grey Fairy" flashed them with the sweetness of a dream through France to the Riviera. As they went they learned a lot about the places

• "Grey Fairy and Titania's Palace." By Sir Nevile Wilkinson. (Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press.)

they passed, but their chief curiosity was to hear from the Painter about the recent additions the Man had made to the Palace and the latest messages from Titania about the good work carried on by The Most Industrious Order of the Fairy Kiss on behalf of Neglected, Unhappy, and Crippled Children.

But, in addition, the party undertook a most thrilling treasure-hunt. In the Palace, you remember, is The Doria Lantern, which the Man thinks the most

interesting of all Queen Titania's treasures. It was given to the Queen by dear old Admiral Doria in return for the help she gave him when he led his Genoese against the Turks three hundred and fifty years ago. Now this tiny lantern, or shrine, in the Palace is a fairy model of a piece of Benvenuto's work, which old Doria carried on his ship and his sailors regarded as their mascot. It held the figure of a saint which had come to the Admiral as a thank-offering for saving a little girl, Jacqueline, from the Turks. About the original shrine, wrought by Benvenuto, the Painter had a marvellous story to tell Yvette and Marietta as Grey Fairy swept them southwards along the roads of France. The Doria Lantern had long disappeared, but there was a buried-treasure legend about it, and the Painter knew the cryptogram that was believed to point to the place where it lay hidden. He promised a box of nougat to the person who would discover what the cryptogram meant.

It would not be fair to give away the solution of the mystery here. Also, only a curmudgeon of a historian would find any fault with a work that gives children, large and small, so charming a key to a great deal of real history, topography, archaeology, and art-lore. And after the fairy-story has been enjoyed, boy and girl readers will discover how they can become Companions or Rose Maidens of the Order of the Fairy Kiss, to which has just been added The Child's Cradle League for very little people, who are to be Rosebuds of the Order. For Titania's Palace is the Headquarters of a Guild that exists to help the League of Pity (N.S.P.C.C.) and The Children's Union (Waifs and Strays).



THE "AERIAL DERBY" AND HANDICAP RACE AT WADDON AERODROME ON BANK HOLIDAY:
MAJOR-GENERAL SIR SEFTON BRANCKER PRESENTING THE TROPHY TO THE AERIAL DERBY
WINNER.

The start and finish of the Aerial Derby took place at Waddon Aerodrome, Croydon, on Bank Holiday, August 7. The distance flown was 200 miles, the route of flight being via Brooklands, Hendon, Hertford, Epping, West Thurrock, and back to Waddon Aerodrome. Two competitions were flown in one: the Aerial Derby, for the fastest machine, a trophy and £300 being the prize; and a handicap for a trophy and £150 as first prize, £75 second prize, and £50 third prize. Nine competitors started. Major-General Sir Sefton Brancker, K.C.B., is seen (left) presenting the Aerial Derby trophy to the winner, J. H. James (time, 1 hr. 6 min. 48 2-5 sec.), who won it in a Mars I aeroplane with a 450-h.p. Napier "Lion" engine. He is the holder of the world's speed record of 212 miles per hour, and also the winner of last year's Aerial Derby. Mr. L. L. Carter (winner of the handicap) and Mr. R. A. de H. Haig (second) are seen on the right of Mr. James.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

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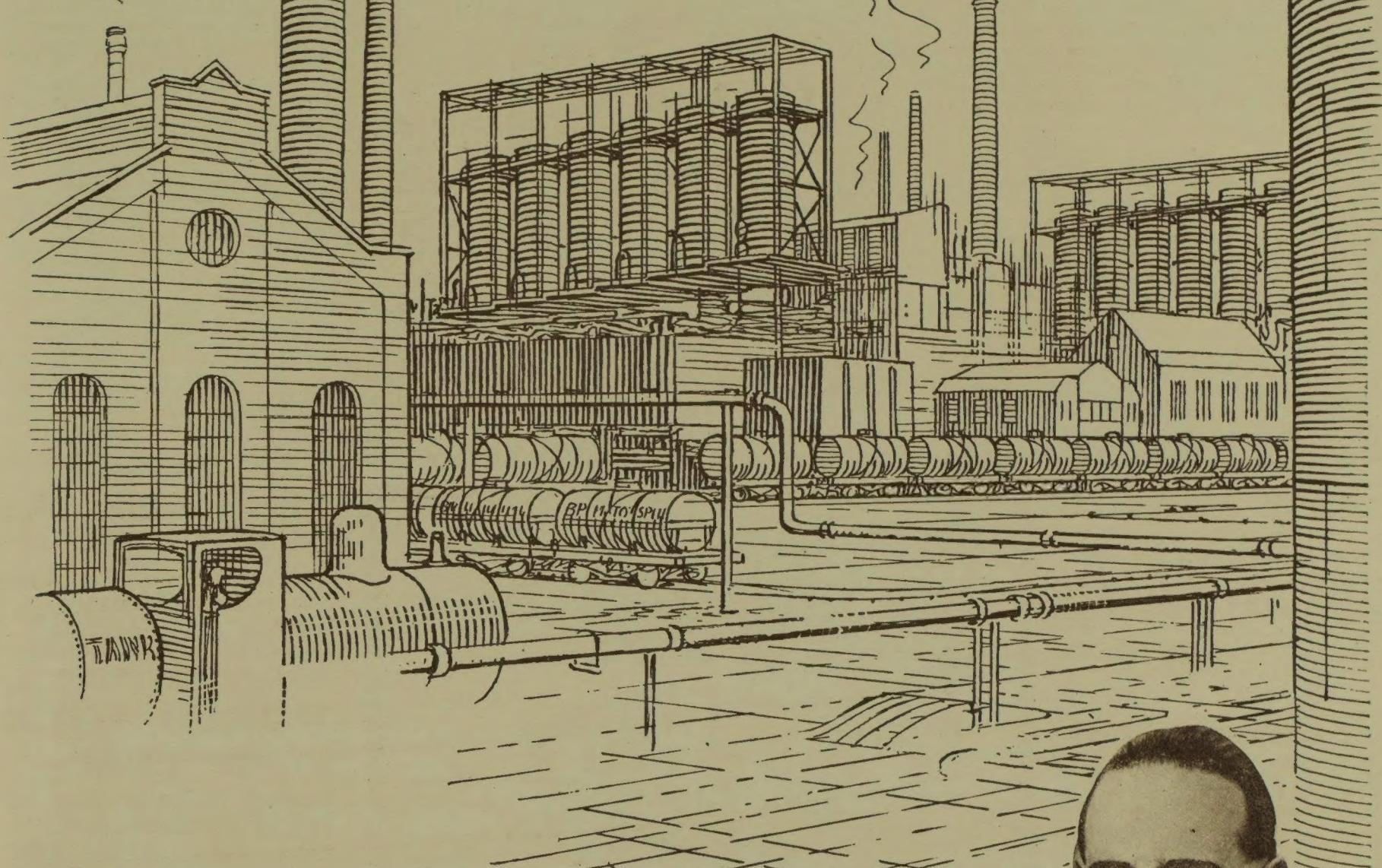
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YOUR HAIR'S HOLIDAY

HOW YOU CAN RE-INVIGORATE THE ROOTS OF YOUR OWN HAIR AND STIMULATE WONDERFUL NEW GROWTH OF RADIANTLY BEAUTIFUL TRESSES.

Astonishingly Liberal FREE Offer of a Four-fold "Harlene Hair-Drill" Hair-Beauty Holiday Outfit.

THE Glorious Holiday Season is once more upon us—the Season when we not only enjoy ourselves, free from the daily routine, but secure health recuperation and store up energy and vigour to enable us to combat the coming Winter months.

The renewal of Health, of course, means the renewal of Beauty, for there can be no real beauty without health. But merely facial beauty is not sufficient. It must be accompanied by Hair Beauty to make the complete picture of attractiveness.

WORLD-RECOGNISED SCIENTIFIC METHOD.

But you must cultivate Hair Health and Beauty just as you indulge in exercise for the renewal of Health. "Harlene Hair-Drill" is the world-recognised scientific method for promoting Hair Health and Hair Abundance.

Hair-weakness and poverty unquestionably means a dowdy appearance. Hair Health brings with it the return of Youth, Fascination of Appearance and Charm, which is irresistible in its appeal, particularly during the holiday season.

It is at this opportune time that Mr. Edwards comes forward, as he has on previous occasions, with the most magnificently generous offer of a Four-fold Free Trial Outfit for Hair Culture, so as to enable all readers of *The Illustrated London News* to start at once in the development of Hair Beauty in readiness for the Holiday Season. You should not hesitate another day, no, not even another moment, before availing yourself of the generous offer as hereunder described.

To every man or woman who writes there will be sent a full week's Outfit, comprising everything necessary to commence a delightful yet scientific course of healthy hair culture.

And chief of all in the wonderful Gift Parcel which will be sent you is the trial bottle of "Harlene" itself, that wonderful golden liquid which stimulates and revives the drooping hair and wonderfully increases the growth and lustre.

"Harlene" itself is composed of the very elements that feed and actually promote new hair growth, and cleans away the dust and decaying matter that chokes out the life of the hair, giving a sense of freshness and freedom to the

The first step towards Hair Health is the thorough cleansing of the Hair as well as the Scalp, with the famous "Cremex" Shampoo Powder. You should avoid greasy, hair-matting cocoanut oils.

Two minutes a day is all you need to give to "Harlene Hair-Drill," and in the "rushiest of rushy" mornings you will always be able to spare that time,

scalp, and withal a subtle, restrained, but enticing perfume that the most fastidious appreciate.

A GIFT EVERY READER WANTS.

Everybody should try the delightful experience of "Harlene Hair-Drill," and, of course, particularly those who have thin, weak, straggling hair that is always falling out, splitting at the ends, or losing its brightness and "tone." A million special "Harlene" Outfits have been set aside as free gifts to all who desire the pleasure and charm of splendid, healthy hair, and one of these special parcels awaits a label with your name and address on it, so that the postman can bring it direct to your door.

knowing that all the day your hair will be a personal pride to you.

You can always tell the "Harlene" man or woman at the theatre, in the ballroom, or at sports and games. The hair has that rich, distinctive character that is at once a label of health and perfect condition. Men with crisp, bright, lustrous hair; women whose tresses form an

aureole

of beauty and splendour—both alike

have secured this priceless quality of hair health by simply performing for two minutes each morning the simple "Harlene Hair-Drill" you are invited to demonstrate in your own home free of cost.



Just two minutes a day is all that is required to practise Harlene Hair-Drill. It's so easy, so pleasant, so refreshing and yet so wonderful in its Hair-development results.



Isn't it grand to be able to indulge in the exhilaration of a Sea and Sunshine Bath, happy in the possession of a radiantly beautiful head of Hair which, as it is caressed by the breezes, is the cause of general admiration? Will this be your experience when you go away? It may be if you will only devote two minutes a day to Harlene Hair-Drill, which enjoys worldwide reputation for producing luxuriant, abundant, wavy tresses. Why not start your Hair Holiday at once by sending to-day for the wonderful Four-fold Free Trial Hair Beauty Outfit?

(See Coupon below.)

Here in detail are the actual contents of your gift "Harlene Hair-Drill" parcel. Consider each item separately, and you will realise the great hair health opportunity which is placed before you.

(1)—A TRIAL BOTTLE OF HARLENE—the hair-health dressing with the largest sale in the world, because of its extraordinary hair-growing and beautifying properties. Within from three to seven days it makes the hair full of "life." Test this in your own dressing-table mirror.

(2)—A PACKET OF "CREMEX" SHAMPOO. This is an antiseptic purifier which thoroughly cleanses the hair and scalp of all scurf, etc., and prepares the hair for "Hair-Drill" treatment. You should avoid Greasy, Hair-Matting Cocoanut Oils.

(3)—A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives the final touch of beauty to the hair, and is most beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."

(4)—A copy of the newly published "Hair-Drill" Manual, the most authoritative and clearly written treatise on the toilet ever produced.

HAIR HOLIDAY OUTFIT



Every day that you neglect your hair the more is its poverty increased, but no matter how difficult your case may be, no matter what disappointments you may have had, "Harlene Hair-Drill" will never fail you. Vouched for by Royalty itself as well as by a host of the world's most beautiful actresses and Society men and women, this scientific method of hair culture awaits your test and trial.

Let "Harlene Hair-Drill" enrich your hair and increase its value to you. Simply send 4d. in stamps for postage and packing, and a complete Free Outfit will be sent to your address in any part of the world. Cut out the Coupon below and post as directed to-day.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1s. 6d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets, 3d. each), and "Astol" at 3s. and 5s. per bottle from Chemists and Stores all over the world.

"HARLENE HAIR-DRILL"

GIFT OUTFIT COUPON.

Detach and Post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 & 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1

DEAR SIRS.—Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-fold Hair-Growing Outfit as described. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing of parcel.

I.L.N., 12-8-22

NOTE TO READER.

Write your name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

N.B.—If your hair is GREY enclose extra 2d. stamp—6d. in all—and a FREE bottle of "Astol" for Grey Hair will also be sent to you.